

THE
ROYALL
KING,

AND

The Loyall Subject.

As it hath beene Acted with great
Applause by the Queenes Maiesties
Servants.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.—

Written by *Thomas Heywood.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Nich. and John Okes* for *James
Becket*, and are to be sold at his shop at the
inner Temple neare the Gate. 1637.

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And freesse solent, and delectable.

Written by Thomas Heywood.

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The Prologue to the Stage.

TO give content to this most curious Age,
The gods themselves we have brought downe
to the Stage,
And figur'd them in Planets, made even Hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell,
(Saving the *Moses* rapture) further, we
Have traffickt by their helpe; no History
We have left unris'd, our Pens have beene dipt
As well in opening each hid Manuscript,
As Tracts more vulgar, whether read, or sung
In our domesticke, or more forraigne tongue:
Of Faierie Elves, Nymphs of the Sea, and Land;
The Lawnes and Groves, no number can be scan'd
Which we have not given feet to, nay 'tis knowne,
That when our Chronicles have barren growne
Of Story, we have all *Invention* stretcht,
Div'd low as to the Center, and then reacht
Unto the *Primum mobile* above:
(Nor scapt things intermediate) for your love,
These have beene Acted often, all have past
Censure; of which some live, and some are cast:
For this in agitation, stay the end,
Though nothing please, yet nothing can offend.



Drammatis Personæ.

The King of England.
The Lord Marfall.
The Earle of Chester.
The Lord Eacy.
The Lord Clinton.
The Lord Audley.
The Lord Bonville.
The Princeesse.
Isabella, the Martials eldest
Daughter.
Margaret, the Martials
younger Daughter.
The Lady Mary Audley.
Two Gentlemen in a Bro-
therhouse.

The Prince of England.
Captaine Bonville.
Corporall Cocke.
Lansprado Match.
The Clowhe.
A Welch-man.
An Host of the Ordinary
Four young Gallants
of the Ordinary.
A servant.
A Band.
Two Courtezans.
Attendants, &c.

That when our Chronicles have painted
 Of story, we have all in common
 Div'd low as to the Center, and then reach
 Up to the Primæ mobile above:
 (Not capt'ing in the middle) for some joy
 These have beene Abridg'd, all have pass
 Centure; of which some live, and some are call:
 For this agitation, stay the end,
 Though nothing please, yet nothing can offend.

The Royall King,
AND
The Loyall Subiect

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter the King of England, the Lord Lacy, Clinton,
Chester, and the Martins, Audley, and Bohville.*

Hus from the holy Warres are we return'd,
To slumber in the Summer of soft peace,
Since those proud enemies that late blasphem'd
And spit their furies in the face of Heaven,
Are now laid low in dust.

Chester. Dread Sovereigne,
The Heavens have shew'd their bounty unto us,
In guarding your most deare and sacred life
From opposite hatred, and that imminent perill
To which you were engag'd.

Clinton. When in one battaile you were twice unhors'd,
Guirt with the opposite ranks of Infidels,
That had not timely rescue come from Heaven,
Mortall assistance had bene us'd in vaine.

King

The Royall King, and

King. Ey, now you load me with a surplussage
Of compleisse debt for this valiant Iode,
My noble Martiall, twice that perillous day
Did he bestride me, and beneath his Targe
Me thought that instant did I lie as safe
As in my best and strongest Cittadell;
The whilst his bright Sword like the Bole of Ioue,
Pierc't the Steele-crests of barbarous Infidels,
And flatted them with earth; although my Subject,
Yet in this one thing thou hast prov'd my Lord:
For when my life was forfeit to the Warres,
Thou by thy valour didst redeeme it freely,
And gav'st it me, whilst thou ingag'st thy life:
For which if ever by like chance of Warre,
Lawes forfeiture, or our prerogative,
Thy life come in like danger, here we sweare
By our earths honours, and our hopes divine,
As thou for us, wee'le ours ingage for thine.

Mart. You give my Lord, to Duty Attributes
Too high for her submisle humility:
I am your vassall, and ten thousand lives
Of equall ranke with mine, subjects and servants,
Be over-rated if compar'd with yours.

King. When I forget thee, may my operant parts
Each one forget their office: We create thee
Next to our selfe of power, we but except
The name of King, all other dignities
We will communicate to thee our friend.

Mart. May I no longer use these Royalties,
Or have the power to enjoy them, then I wholly
Devote them to your service.

Prince. Noble Martiall, in such bus, be not oppos'd
If I survive *Englands* Inheritance,
Or ever live to sit on *Jacobs* Throne,
Thy love shall with my Crowne be hereditary.

Mart. And gracious Prince, since Heaven hath bin as libe-
To grace me with your favour, as my birth

Was

the Loyall Subiect.

Was to endow me richly; all your graces
Shall with my great and ample revenues
Be ever to your vertues serviceable.

King. We know it, and have beene observers long
Of thy choice vertues, neither could we yet
Fasten that love on thee, which came not home
With double use and ample recompence.

Clint. These graces are beyond dimension,
They have no height, nor depth, uncircumscrib'd,
And without bounds. He like a broad arm'd tree
O're-shadows us, and throw his spacious bowes,
We that grow under cannot see the Sunne,
Nor taste the cheerefull warmth of his bright beames.

These branches we must loppe by fire or Thunder,
Or by his shadowy armes be still kept under.

Chest. I was borne Eagle-fighted, and to gaze
In the Suns fore-head; I will brooke no cloud
To stand betwixt me and his glorious fire,
I'll have full light, or none; either soare high,
Or else sink low; my ominous Fate is cast,
Or to be first, or of all abjects last.

King. You shall renowned Martiall feast for us
The Embassadors that come from forraigne Lands,
To gratulate our famous victories.

Mar. I shall my Lord, and give them intertainment
To *Englands* honour, and to suite the place
Of which I beare the name.

King. We doubt it not:
We understand Lords, in these tedious warres
Some forward spirits have beene at great expence
To furnish them like noble Gentlemen;
And many spent most part of their revenues
In honour of their Countrey, some undone
In pursuit of these warres: now if such come
For their reliefe by suite petitionary,
Let them have gracious hearing, and supply
Or by our service, or our Treasury

The Royall King, and

Audley. I have one Kinsman hath spent all his land,
And is return'd a begger, and so tatter'd;
As that I can but blush to acknowledge him:
But in the Warres he spent it, and for me,
Warres shall relieve him. He was a noble Heire,
But what these lost, let other Warres repaire.

King. Lords all, once more we greet your safe returne,
With generall welcome, we invite you all
To feast with us, and joy what we have wonne,
Happiest in these, our Martiall, and our sonne.

Enter the Clowne and a Welch-man.

Clowne. It seemes thou hast not been in the Warres my
Friend, but art new come up to *London*.

Welch. Heaven plesse thee from all his mercies, and his
graces: It was told us in *Wales*, that you have great pigge Or-
gan in *Pauls*, and pigger by a great deale than our Organ
at *Rixam*, which made me make my travels and my journeyes
on the pare hoofe up to *London*, to have resolutions and cer-
tifications in that pifinesse, that when I returne into my
Countries and habitations, I may give notice to mine Uncle,
Rice ap Davy, ap Morgan, ap Evan, ap Jones, ap Geoffrey.
I pray where about stands *Pauls Church*, can you tell her?

Clowne. O very easily; stand with thy face that way, and
follow thy nose, and thou wilt be there presently. But dost
thou heare *Brittan*, take my words, our Organ of *Powles* is
much bigger and better than yours of *Rixam*, by as
much as *Powles Church* is bigger and better than *Saint*
Pancridge.

Welch. Awe-man, you prittle and prattle nothing but lea-
sings and untruths; now will you but ease your posteriors a
little, and I will quickly shew you your Organ of *Pauls*.

Clowne. Very good. I like your demonstration well; but
dost thou thinke your Organ of *Rixam* can compare with
ours for all that?

Welch. Lend me but your eares and your apprehensions, and
I will

the Loyall Subiect.

I will make you easily to acknowledge your errors.

Clowne. But first shew me your case in which you carry your two paire of Organs, sure those flocs wil not hold them: but in the meane time walke with me to the next red Lettice, and I will give thee two Cannes, and wet thine Organ-pipes well I warrant thee.

Welch. I will take your courtesies, and if ever I shall meet you in Glamorgan, or Rednock-shire, I will make bold to requite some part of your kindnesse.

A loud winding of Hornes within.

Clowne. The very noise of that Horne hath frighred my courtesie, but all's one, fare-well for this time, and at our next meeting ten to one I will be as good as my word.

Welch. Say you so man, why then Cad keepe you from all his mercies, and good fortunes, and make us all his servants.

Sound againe.

Enter the King, Martiall, &c.

King. Come, we will to the chace, be neare us Martiall, I'll try today which of our two good steeds Can speed it best; let the most swift take both.

Mar. So please your Grace, but I shall surely loose; Yours is the best for prooffe, though mine for show.

King. That will we try, the wager growes not deepe Equals the lay, and what we winne, wee'll keepe, Mound, mound.

Exeunt.

Chester. Greater and greater still, no plot, no tricke To have him quite remov'd from the Kings Grace, To slander him?

Clin. The King will lend no eare To any just complaint that's made of him; What can our hands do then?

Chester. Challenge him Of Treason then, and that may haply call His Loyalty into suspect and question, Which in the King at least will breed a coldnesse, If not a deadnesse of affection.

Clin. Of Treason? say he crave the combat then,

The Royall King, and

For that's the least he can; which of us two
Shall combate him? I know his blowes too well,
Not I.

Chest. I should be loath.

Clin. How doe you relish this?
His vertue and his bounty wonne him grace,
On that wee'le build to ruine all his favours,
And worke him to disgrace.

Chest. Pray teach me how?

Clin. First, praise him to the King, give all his vertues
Double their due, adde unto every thing,
Ey, and Hyperbolyze in all his deeds:
Let his knowne vertues be the common Theame
Of our discourse to stale him, rate his worth,
To equalize, if not to exceed the King:
This cannot but beget distast at least.

Chest. But further.

Clin. Thus; then fall off from his praise,
And question his best deeds, as it may be
His noble bounty is but popular grace,
And his humility but inward pride:
His vulgar saffrage and applause abroad,
A way to climbe and leate him selfe aloft,
You understand me?

Chest. Fully; come to horse,
And as we ride, our further plots digest,
To finde what may disturbe, what ayd us best.

Enter Martiall, and Servant.

Mar. Spurre to the King, his steed's unshod before,
The wayes be stony, and hee'le spoyle his beast:
Here take these shooes and hammer, brought of purpose
For mine owne use.

Serv. My Lord, have you pluck't the shooes off from your
owne horse, to set them on anothers, a thousand to one but
you will spoyle your owne Guelding quite.

Mar. No matter, doe as I command thee sirrah;

Hollow

the Loyall Subiect.

Hollow him streight, I know he loves that horse,
And would not ride him bare for any gold.

Serv. Your horse is as good as his I am sure, and I think
you love him as well.

Mar. No matter, if he aske thee where thou hadst them,
Tell him, thou broughtst them with thee for my use.
Away, I'll gallop after, and over-take thee.

Serv. Put your shooes on another horses feete, and let
your owne goe bare-foot? a jest indeed.

Mar. The King affects both his good horse and Game,
I'll helpe to further both.

Enter the King, and Martiall: Winde hornes.

King. You have fetcht me up at length, that's to your for-
Or my misfortune, for I lost a shooe. (tune,
Martiall you ride well furnisht to the field,

Mar. My Lord, so Horsemen should, and I am glad
My man was so well furnisht, and the rather
Since we are farre from helpe; my man is cunning;
Your Highnesse to his skill may trust your horse.

King. Thou couldst not have presented me a gift
I could have tasted better, for that beast
I much esteeme: you were out-strippt at length.

Mar. Till I was forc't to alight, my horse with yours
Kept equal speed.

Enter the Lords.

King. Our Lords? now Gentlemen,
How doe you like the Chace?

Andl. 'Twas excellent.

King. Had not my horse beene by mischance unshod,
My Martiall here and I had led you still.

Chest. You were the better horst.

King. And you the worst,
Witnesse the hugenesse of your way behind:
Is not my horse yet shod?

Serv. He is my Lord.

King. Then let us mount againe.

Clin. Your horse my Lord, is not in state to ride.

The Royall King, and

He wants two shooes before.

King. Whose doth, the Martials?

Mart. Oft such mischance, happen.

King. Were you furnisht

For us, and for your selfe kept no supply?

Mar. So I may have my Lord to furnish you,
I care not how my selfe want.

King. Apprehension helpe mee, for every circumstance
Thou hast done me an unwonted courtesie;
You spy'd my losse first.

Mar. I did my Lord.

King. And then alighted,

Mar. True.

King. Vpon my life 'tis so,
To unthoee thine owne good steed, and furnish mine,
Was't not? upon thy life resolve me true.

Mar. What I have done my Lord, I did to you.

King. You will exceed me still, and yet my courtesie
Shall ranke with thine; for this great duty showne,
I pay thee thus, both steeds are now thine owne.

Clint. They wager love.

Mar. The best thing I can doe
In me is duty; the worst, Grace in you.

King. Th'art ours; come mount, we will returne to Court,
To order the great Turnament prepar'd
To doe our sonne grace; in which we intreat
Martiall, your ayde, because your skill is great.

Enter Corporall and Cocke ragged.

Corpor. We have visited all our familiars, is it not now
time that we reuise our Captaine?

Cock. With all my heart good Corporall, but it had not
bin amisse, if we had gone to *Burchen-lane* first to have sui-
ted us: and yet it is a credit for a man of the sword to goe
thread-bare, because by his apparrell he may be taken to be
an old Soldier.

Corp. *Cocke*, thy father was a fresh water soldier, thou
Thou hast beene powdered, witnesse thy flaxe & touch-box.

Enter

the Loyall Subiect.

Enter Match.

Cocke. But who comes yonder, my Match? I am glad I have met thee.

Match. I knew Cock, at one time or other thou wouldst meete with thy Match. What, shall we goe to my Captains lodging?

Enter Captaine extreame ragged.

Corp. Spare that paines, yonder he appears in his colours.

Capt. Fortun' de la guerre; I that have flourish't, no colours like me, nay, no Trumpet thou in his highest key, have nothing now but ragges to flourish; I that have fac't the enemy, have not so much as any facing left me: were my suite but as well pointed as I have seene some, and stood I but in the midst of my followers, I might say I had nothing about me but ragge and ragge. I am descended nobly; for I am descended so low, that all the cloaths of my backe are scarce worth a Noble: I was borne to thousands, and yet a thousand to one, they will now scarce acknowledge mee where I was borne.

Corp. Health to our worthy Captaine,

Capt. Thanks my most worthy foldiers; and yet if I should examine your worths, what at the most could all you make?

Corp. I would not have your Worship to examine our

Capt. And for your insides I'll passe my word. (outsides.

Cock. Canot all your worships credit afford you a new suit?

Cap. Credit me, no; my revenues were a thousand a yeere, part of which I lavish't amongst gallants, rioted in Tavernes, havockt in Ordinaries; and when my estate began to ebbe, as my last refuge, I laid all my hopes upon the last wars, but failing there, (as the world imagins) I am return'd as you see. The King hath promised supply and reliefe to all that have spent their estates in his expeditions, but many like my selfe have beene borne to be poore, that scorne to be beggars; as many have beene borne to be rich, that can never leave it; the truth is, I am my selfe as my proceedings will expresse me further.

Cor. Will you cashiere us Captaine, or shall wee follow your future fortunes?

Capt.

The Royall King, and

Capt. You shall not leave me; my purpose is to try the humours of all my friends, my Allies, my ancient associates, and see how they will respect me in my supposed poverty: though I loose their acquaintance, I will loose none of my retinew. How say you Gentlemen, will you copart with me in this my dejectednesse?

Corp. As I am Corporall, so will I prove true Squire to thy body.

Cock. And as I am true Cocke, so will I crow at thy service, waite on thee with a combe for thy head, with fire to thy Peece, with water to thy hands, and be cocke sure in any imployment whatsoever.

Match. And as I am true Match, I shall scorne that any of them shall o're-match me in duty.

Capt. Attend me then; if I rise, you shall ascend; if fall, I will lie flat with you. First then I will make some tryall of my Friends at the Court, and in good time: here's the King.

Sound, Enter the King discoursing with Chester, and Clinton, Audley, and Bonvile.

King. You have perswaded much, and I begin To censure strangely of his emulous love.

Chest. Further my Lord, what can his smoothnesse meane, His courtesie, and his humility, But as fly baites to catch the peoples hearts, And weane them from your love.

Clin. Doth he not strive In all things to exceed your courtesie, Of purpose to out-shine your Royall deeds, And daze ll your brightnesse, that himselfe may shine? Is he not onely popular my Liege? Is not the peoples suffrage sole to him, Whilst they neglect your fame, his traine doth equall, If not exceed yours; still his Chamber throng'd With store of suitors: where the Martiall lies, There is the Court, all eyes are bent on him,

And

the Loyall Subiect.

And on his glories; there's no Theame abroad,
But how he sav'd you from the Pagans sword,
How his sole hand swayes, guides, and guards the Realme.

Chest. Thinke but my Lord on his last game at Chesse,
'Twas his past odds, but when he saw you a moov'd,
With what a fly neglect he lost the mate,
Onely to make you bound to him.

Clin. For all the favours, graces, honours, loves
Bestow'd upon him from your bounteous hand,
His cunning was to thinke to quit you all,
And pay you with a horse-shoe.

Chest. In the Turnament
Made by the Prince your sonne, when he was Peerelesse,
And without equall, this ambitious Martiall
Strives to exceed, and did; but when he saw
Your Highnesse moov'd to see the Prince disgrac't,
He lost the Prize; but how? that all the people
Might see it given, not forfeit, which did adde
Rather than derogate: briefly my Lord,
His courtesie is all ambition.

King. And well it may be; is he not our vassall?
Why should the Martiall then contend with us,
To exceed in any vertue? we observe him,
His popularity, how affable
He's to the people; his Hospitality,
Which addes unto his love; his forwardnesse,
To entertaine Embassadors, and feast them,
Which though he doo't upon his proper charge,
And for our honour, yet it may be thought
A smoothnesse, and a cunning, to grow great;
It must be so. A project we intend
To prove him faithlesse, or a perfect friend.

Chest. It takes, these jealous thoughts we must pursue,
And to his late doubts still adde something new.

Cap. Your speech being ended, now comes in my cue.
My honourable Lord

Chest. What begger's this?

The Royall King, and

Cap. Beggar my Lord? I never begg'd of you:
But were I a begger, I might be a Courtiers fellow;
Could I begge suites my Lord as well as you,
I need not goe thus clad; or were you free
From begging as I am, you might ranke me.

Chest. Comparisons? Away. *Exit.*

Cap. Folly and pride
In Silkes and Lace their imperfections shew,
But let pure vertue come in garments torne
To begge reliefe. she gets a courtly icorne:
My Lord you know me?

Clin. I have seene that face.

Cap. Why 'tis the same it was, it is no changeling,
It beares the selfe-same front; 'tis not like yours,
Paled with the least disgrace, or past with bragges,
That smiles upon gay cloaths, and frownes on rags.
Mine's stedfast as the Sunne, and free as Fate;
Whose equall eyes looke upon want and state.

Clin. And doth not mine so too? Pray what's your business?

Cap. Onely that you would know me: the Kings favour
hath made you a Baron, and the Kings warres have made
me a bare one: there's lesse difference in the Accent of the
word, than in the cost of our weeds: This is the same face
you were once acquainted with, though not the same habite:
I could know your face, though your diseas'd body were
wrapt in sheepe-skins.

Clin. This fellow offends me.

Cap. Goe churle, passe free,
Thou knowst my forfeit lands, though forget't me:
Nay, you would be going too, you are as affraid of a torne
suite, as a younger brother of a Serjeant, a rich corne-master
of a plentifull yeere, or a troublesome Attourney to heare
of suits put to compremize.
Sir, I must challenge you, you are my kinsman;
My Grandfir was the first that rais'd the name
Of Bonvile to this height, but Lord to see
That you are growne a Lord, and know not me.

Bon.

the Loyall Subiect.

Bon. Cousin, I know you, you have bin an unthrift,
And lavisht what you had; had I so done,
I might have ebb'd like you, where I now flow.

Cap. Yet I can purchase that, which all the wealth you
have will never winne you.

Bon. And what's that I pray?

Cap. Wit: is the word strange to you, wit?

Bon. Whither wilt thou?

Cap. True,

Wit will to many ere it come to you.

Bon. Feed you upon your purchase; I'll keepe mine.

Cap. Have you the wit to doo't?

Cap. I have wit to buy,

And you to sell, which is the greater gaine?

Cousin. I'll keepe my wealth, keep you your brain.

Cap. The wealth of *Mydas* choak thee ere th'art old,

And even the bread thou feed'st on change to gold.

My Lord, you heare how I pray for my Kinred,

I have a little more charity for my friend: with you

I have some businelle.

And. I am in haste now.

Cap. I pray you stay.

And. Not now indeed.

Cap. Pardon, for here's no way
Before you heare me.

And. Prithee be briefe.

Cap. Your daughter lives I hope.

And. What's that to thee?

Cap. Somewhat 'twill proove, ey, and concerning me;

Before I laid my fortunes on these warres,

And was in hope to thrive, by your consent,

Nay, by your motion our united hearts

Were made more firme by contract; well you know

We were betroth'd.

And. Sir, I remember't not.

Cap. I doe, and thus proceed:

I was in hope to have rais'd my fortunes high,

The Royall King, and

And with them to have pull'd her by degrees
Vnto that eminence at which I aime :
I venter'd for it, but instead of wealth
I purchast nought but wounds. Honour I had,
And the repute of valour; but my Lord,
These simply of themselves are naked Titles,
Respectlesse, without pride, and bombast wealth,
And to the purblind world shew seeming bad,
Behold in me their shapes, they thus goe clad.

And. You said you would be brieve.

Cap. All that I had,
I spent upon my Soldiers, we tooke no spoile.
The warres have grated on me ev'n to this
That you now see : Now my last refuge is,
To raise my selfe by her.

And. And spend her meanes
As thou hast done thine owne vile unthrif? no,
I know no Contract.

Cap. I have one to shew.

And. No matter; think'st thou that I'll vent my bagges
To suite in Sartin him that jets in ragges? *Exit.*

Cap. The world's all of one heart, this blaze I can,
All love the money, none esteemes the man.
These be our friends at Court, and fine ones too,
Are they not pray? where be our followers?

Cock. Here noble Captaine.

Cap. You see how our friends grace us, what hopes we have
to preferre you?

Corp. I see sufficient: Captaine, I will discharge my selfe,
I meane to seeke else-where for preferment.

Cap. All leave me if you please; but him that stayes,
If e're I mount, I'll with my fortunes raise.

Match. Captaine, I desire your passe, I meane to march a-
long with my Corporall.

Cap. Wilt thou goe too?

Cock. I leave you? who I? for a little diversity, for a wet
storme? no Sir, though your out-sides fall away, I'll cleave

the Loyall Subject.

as close to you as your linings.

Cap. Gramercy yet, away without reply?

Corp. *Futre* for thy base service.

Cap. Away, sfoot how am I false out of my humour and yet this strangeness of my nearest friends and alliance deserves a little cōtemplating; is't possible, that even Lords, that have the best educating, whose eares are frequent to the most fluent discourse, that live in the very braine of the Land, the Court, that these should be gull'd with shadows, and not be able to distinguish a man when they see him; thou knowest me, yet these doe not.

Cock. Why may not a poore man have as good eyes as another? their eares indeed may be larger than mine, but I can see as far without spectacles as the best Lord in the land.

Cap. These superficiall Lords that thinke every thing to be as it appeares, they never question a mans wit, his discretion, his language, his inward vertues, but as hee seemes, he passes.

Cock. I warrant if I should looke like an Asse, They would take mee for one too.

Cap. The next I try is my betroth'd, if she acknowledge this hand that hath received hers, this heart, this face, and knowes the person from the garment, I shall say, Woman, there is more vertue in thee than Man.

Cock. There's no question of that; for they say, they will hold out better: But Sir, if we be no better habited, I make a question how we shall get in at the Court-gate; for I'll assure you your fashion is not in request at the Court.

Cap. My vertue is not to be imitated; I'll hold my purpose though I be kept backe, and venter lashing in the Porters Lodge. Come, follow me, I will goe see my Mistresse, Though guirt with all the Ladies of the Court:
Though ragged Vertue oft may be kept out,
No grate so strongly kept above the Center,
But Asses with gold laden, free may enter.

The Royall King, and

Actus secundus, Scena secunda.

Enter the Prince, the Princeſſe, the Martiall, and the Lady Mary Audley.

Prince. Lord Martiall, we are much in debt to you,
For by your favour we obtain'd the prize
In the laſt Tourney : we acknowledge it.

Mar. I could not love my Sovereigne Gracious Prince,
Without extent of duty to the ſonne.

Princeſſe. 'Twas nobly ply'd on both ſides, both had ho-
Yet brother to be modeſt in your praiſe,
You had the beſt.

Prince. You pleaſe to grace me Siſter.
Martiall, I heare you are a widdower late :
How long is't ſince your beauteous Counteſſe dy'd ?

Mar. My Lord, you make me now unfoldier-like
Forget the name of Martiall, to become
A paſſionate husband ; her remembrance drawes
Tearſ from mine eyes : ſhee dy'd ſome three Moneths ſince,
Good Lady ſhee's now gone.

Princeſſe. A kinde Husband
I'll warrant him : if e're I chance to bride,
Heaven grant I finde no worſe.

Prince. Have you no children by her ?

Mar. Two ſweet Girles,
Now all my hopes and ſolace of this earth,
Whom next the zeale I owe unto my King,
I prize above the world.

Prince. Why noble Sir,
Are they not brought up to be train'd at Court,
To attend our Siſter ?

Mar. They are young and tender,
And e're I teach them falſhion, I would gladly
Traine them in vertue, and to arme their youth
Againſt the ſmooth and amorous baits of Court.

Princeſſe.

the Loyall Subject. Act I

Princess. As kind a Father as a Husband now :
If e're I chance to wedde, such Heaven grant me.

Prince. Why Heaven may heare your prayer : here's one
I warrant that dreames not on a Husband.

Princess. Yet e're long
Shee may both dreame, and speake as much as I.
No question but she thinks as much already ;
And were here voyce and her election free,
Shee would not sticke to say this man for me.

Prince. You make the Lady blush.

Princess. Why to change face,
The y say in modest Maides are signes of grace ;
Yet many that like her hold downe the head,
Will ne're change colour when they're once in bed.

Prince. You'le put the Lady out of countenance quite.

Princess. Not out of heart ; for all of her complexion,
Shew in their face the fire of their affection :
And even the modest wives, this know we too,
Oft blush to speake what is no shame to doe.

Mar. Lady, the Princess doth but try your spirit,
And prove your cheek, yee doe not take it ill,
Hee'le one day come will act the Husbands part.

Enter Capitaine and Cocke.

Princess. Here enters one, I hope it be not he.

Cap. Attend me sirrah into the presence, and if any of the
Guard repulse thee, regard him not.

Cocke. I'le march where my Capitaine leads, we'r't into
the Presence of the great *Ternagant*.

Cap. My duty to the Prince, Madam your favour,
Lord Martiall, yours.

Prince. What will the fellow doe ?

Cap. Lady, your lip.

Princess. My Lord, how like you this ?
Shee'd blush to speake, that doth not blush to kisse.

Cocke. Well said Mistris.

Prince. A good bold fellow.

Cap.

The Royall King, and

Cap. You are not asham'd to acknowledge me in this good company : I have brought thee all that the warres have left of me ; were I better worth, 'twere all thine ; thou canst have no more of the Cat but his skinne, I have brought thee home the same eyes that first saw thee, the same tongue that first courted thee, the same hand that first contracted thee, and the same heart that first affected thee : More I have not, lesse I cannot : nay quickly sweet Wench, and let mee know what to trust to. (more,

Lady Mary. Were you more worth, I could not love you Or lesse, affect you lesse ; you have brought me home All that I love, your selte, and you are welcome.

I gave no faith to Money, but a Man,
And that I cannot loose possessing you :
'Tis not the robe or garment I affect,

For who would marry with a suite of cloaths ?
Diamonds, though set in Lead, reteine their worth,
And leaden Knives may have a golden sheath.

My love is to the Jewell, not the Case,
And you my jewell are.

Cap. Why god-amerey Wench : come sirrah. *Exit.*

Cock. Here's a short horse soone curried.

Princesse. Is this your sweet-heart ? I had need wish you much joy, for I see but a little towards : Where did you take him up by the hye-way, or did you not fall in love with him hanging on a Gibbet ?

Prince. What is he for Heavens sake ? can no man give him his true character ?

Mar. I can my Lord, he's of an noble House,
A Bonvile, and great Heire ; but being profuse,
And lavish in his nonage, spent the most
Of his knowne meanes, and hoping now at last
To raise his fortunes by the warres now ceast,
His hopes have fail'd him, yet we know him valiant
And fortunate in service : One whose minde
No fortune can deject, no favour raise
Above his vertues pitch.

Prince.

the Loyall Subject.

Prince. If he be such,
Wee'le move the King in his behalfe, and helpe
To cherish his good parts. *Enter Chelster.*

Chelst. My Lord the Prince,
The King calls for you; for he dines to day
In the great Hall with great solemnity,
And his best state : Lord Martiall, you this day
Must use your place, and waite, so all the Lords.

Prince. Come, wee'le goe see the King.

Mar. I shall attend your Grace. *Exit.*

Princesse. And in faith Lady can you be in love with this
ragge of honour ?

Lady Ma. Madam, you know I am my Fathers heire,
My possibilities may raise his hopes
To their first height : should I despise my hand
In a torne glove, or taste a poylonous draught
Because presented in a Cup of Gold ?
Vertue will last when wealth flies, and is gone :
Let me drinke *Nectar* though in earth or stone.

Princesse. But say your Father now, as many Fathers are,
proove a true worldling, and rather than bestow thee on one
dejected, dis-inherite thee ? how then ?

Lady Ma. My Father is my Father, but my Husband,
He is my selfe : my resolution is
To professe constancy, and keepe mine honour;
And rather than to Queene it where I hate,
Begge where I love : I wish no better fate.

Princesse. By my faith good counsell, if I live long enough,
It may be I may have the grace to follow it. *Exit.*

Sound : enter two banquets brought forth, at one the King
and the Prince in their State, at the other the Lords : the
Martiall with his Staffe and Key, and other offices borne be-
fore him to waite on the King.

King. This Anniversary doe we yeerely keepe
In memory of our late victories.

The Royall King, and

In joy of which we make a publicke feast,
And banquet all our Peeres thus openly.
Sit Lords, those onely we appoint to waite
Attend us for this day : and now to crowne
Our Festivall, we will begin this health.
Who's that so neare our elbow ? Martiall ? you ?
Stand off we wish you, further.

Mar. Me my Lord ? *King.* Ey you my Lord.

Mar. Your Highnesse will's a law,
I shall obey.

King. You are too neare us yet : what are we King,
Or have we countermanders ?

Chest. Note you that ? *Clint.* Now it begins.

Mar. I feare some Sycophants
Have dealt ignobly with us to the King :
No matter I am arm'd with innocence,
And that dares front all danger.

King. Lords this Health : *The King drinks,*
See it goe round 'twas to our victory. *they all stand*

Mar. With pardon y can your Highnesse thinke remember,
And so forget me ?

King. Thou dost prompt me well,
You are our Martiall. *Mar.* I have us'd that place.

King. Your Staffe ? support it, and resolve me this :
Which of yon Lords there seated at the bord,
Hast thou bene most in opposition with ?
Or whom dost thou least favour ?

Mar. I love all :
But should you aske me who hath wrong'd me most,
Then should I point out *Chester.*

King. *Chester* then,
Beare him that Staffe, giv't up into his hand,
Say, I commend me to him by the name
Of our High Martiall ; take your place below,
And let him waite on us : what doe you pause ?
Or shall we twice command ?

Mar. I'le doo't my Lord :

Chester,

the Loyall Subiect.

Chester, the King commend's his love to you,
And by my mouth he styles you by the name
Of his High Martiall, which this Staffe of Office
Makes good to you; my place I thus resigne,
And giv't up freely as it first was mine.

You must attend the King, it is a place
Of honour *Chester*, and of great command,
Use it with no lesse modesty than he
That late injoy'd it, and resignes it thee.

Chest. I need not your instruction; the Kings bounty
Bestows it freely, and I take my place.

Mar. And I mine here, th' allegiance that I owe him
Bids me accept it, were it yet more low.

King. Attend us *Chester*, wait upon our Cup,
It is an honour due to you this day.

Chest. I shall my Lord.

Clin. Oh my Lord you are welcome, wee have not had
your company amongst us long.

Mar. You ever had my heart, though the Kings service
Commanded still my person: I am eas'd
Of a great burden so the King rest pleas'd.

And. I have not seene a man hath borne his disgrace with
more patience; especially to be forc't with his owne hand to
deliver up his honours to his enemy.

Bonv. It would have troubl'd me, I should not brooke it.

King. Command yon fellow give his golden Key
To the Lord *Clinton*; henceforth we debarre him
Accesse unto our Chamber, see it done.

Chest. The King commands you to give up your Key
Vnto that Lord that neares you: henceforth Sir,
You to his person are deny'd accesse,
But when the King commands.

Mar. Say to my Liege,
The proudest foe he hath, were he an Emperor,
Should not have forc't the least of these from me:
But I acknowledge these, and all I have,
To be sole his; my life too, which as willingly

The Royall King, and

To please him I will send: I thanke his Highnesse
That sees so into my debility,
That he hath care to ease me of these loads
That have opprest me long; so Sir 'tis done:
Come Lords, now let's be merry, and drinke round;
After great tempests we a calme have found.

And. This Lord is of an unwonted constancy,
He entertaines his disgraces as merrily as a man dyes that is
tickled to death.

King. Cannot all this stirre his impatience up?
I'll search his breast but I will finde his gaule:
Command him give his Staffe of Councell up,
We will bestow it elsewhere where we please.

Chest. The King would have you to forbear the Councell,
And to give up your Staffe.

Mar. I shall turne man,
Kings cannot force to beare more than we can.

Chest. Sir, are you moov'd?

Mar. Those that are wronged may speake:
My Lord, I let you know my innocence,
And that my true and unstain'd Loyalty
Deserves not this disgrace: none ever bore
Like eminence with me that hath discharg'd it
With better zeale and conscience: for my service
Let my wounds witnesse, I have some to shew,
That had I not my body interpos'd,
Had beene your skarres: all my deserved honours
You have bestow'd upon my enemies,
Ey such as have whole skinnes, ———
And never bled but for their ease and health.
You might with as much iustice take my life,
As seaze my honours: howsoe're my Lord
Give me free leave to speake but as I finde,
I ever have beene true, you now unkind.

King. Will you contest?
What have you Sir that is not held from us?
Or what can your owne vertue purchase you

With

the Loyall Subiect.

Without our grace? Are not your fortunes, favours,
And your renewes ours? where should they end
But where they first began? have we not power
To give our owne? or must we aske your counsell,
To grace where you appoint? neede we a Guardian,
Or aime you at the place?

Mar. Oh my dread King,
It sorrows me that you misprize my love,
And with more freedome I could part with life
Than with your Grace: my offices alas,
They were my troubles, but to want your favours,
That onely thus affects my loyall thoughts,
And makes me bold to tearme your Grace unkind.

King. Sir, we command you to abandon Court,
And take it as a favour that we now
Not question of your life; without reply
Leave us.

Mar. I'll leave the Court as I would leave my burden,
But from your Highnesse in this kind to part,
Is as my body should forsake my heart.

Exit.

King. Shall we not be our selfe, or shall we brooke
Competitors in reigne? act what we doe
By other mens appointment? he being gone,
We are unrival'd; wee'le be sole, or none.

Prince. The Martiall's gone in discontent my Liege.

King. Pleas'd, or not pleas'd, if we be *Englands* King,
And mightiest in the Spheare in which we moove,
Wee'le shine alone, this *Phaeton* cast downe,
Wee'le state us now midst of our best affected:
Our new created Martiall first lead on,
Whose Loyalty we now must build upon.

Exit.

Enter Captaine and Clowne.

Cap. Sir, now attend me, I'll to the Ordinary,
And see if any of my ancient friends will take note of me.
Where's the good man? within?

Clown. There's none dwells here; you may speak with the

The Royall King, and

Master of the house if you will.

Enter the Host.

Clown. Captaine, Captaine, I have descri'd an Host.

Cap. An Host? where? which way march they?

Clown. Mine Host of the house, see where he marches.

Cap. Here take my cloake, what is't not Dinner-time?
Are there no gallants come yet?

Host. Why Sir, doe you meane to dine here to day?

Cap. Here doe I meane to cranch, to munch, to eate,
To feed, and be fat my fine *Cullapollia*.

Host. You must pardon me Sir, my house intertaines none
but Gentlemen; if you will stand at gate, when Diinner's
done, I'll helpe you to some fragments.

Cap. Sirrah, if your house be free for Gentlemen, it is fit
for me; thou seest I keepe my man, I've Crownes to spend
with him that's bravest here; I'll keepe my roome in spight
of Silkes and Sattins.

Host. I would I were well rid of this ragge-muffin.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* How goes the day? (come.

2. *Gent.* It cannot yet be old, because I see no more gallants

1. *Gent.* Mine Host, what's here?

Host. A Tatterdemalean, that stayes to sit at the Ordinary
to day.

2. *Gent.* Doest know him?

Host. I did when he was flush, and had the Crownes; but
since he grew poore, he is worne quite out of my remem-
brance. He is a decay'd Captaine, and his name is *Bonvile*.

1. *Gent.* I would he would leave this place, and ranke him-
selfe with his companions.

Enter two more.

2. *Gent.* Morrow Gentlemen,

3. *Gent.* The morning's past, 'tis mid-day at the least.

4. *Gent.* What is the roome so empty?

Host. And please your Worships,
Here's more by one than it can well receive.

3. *Gent.* What Tatter's that that walks there?

4. *Gent.* If he will not leave the roome, kicke him downe
staires.

Cap.

the Loyall Subject.

Cap. There's nere a filken outside in this company
That dares present a foot to doe that office:

I'le tossle that heele a yard above his head

That offers but a spurne.

1. *Gent.* Can we not be private?

Cap. I am a man like you perhaps well bred,
Nor want I coyne, for harke, my pockets chinke:

I keepe my man to attend me more perhaps,

Than some can doe that goe in costlier Silke.

Are you so fearefull of a ragged suite?

They were first paid for e're they were put on;

A man may question whether yours were so.

Who kicks first, ha, come; have you minde to game?

I'le cast, or set at thus much; will you card

A rest for this? no? then let's to dinner:

Come serve in meate.

1. *Gent.* Mine Host, prithce put this fellow out of the room,
And let him not drop his shooe-clouts here.

2. *Gent.* Sfoot dost thou meane we shall goe louzie out of
the house?

3. *Gent.* If he will not goe out by faire meanes,
Send for a Constable.

4. *Gent.* And send him to Bridewell Ordinary; whipping
cheere is best for him.

Host. Nay pray sir leave my house, you see the Gentlemen
will not endure your company.

Cap. Mine Host, thou knewst me in my flourishing prime:
I was the first brought custome to thine house,

Most of my meanes I spent here to enrich thee;

And to set thee up, I've cast downe my selfe.

Host. I remember sir some such matter, but you see the
times change. Nay, will you leave the Gentlemen?

Cap. The Lease of this house hadst thou not from me?
Did I not give thee both the Fyne and Kent?

Host. I must needs say you were bountifull when you had
it, but in troth sir, if you will not be gone, I shall be forc't to
turne you out by the head and shoulders.

Cap.

The Royall King, and

Cap. And is not all this worth the trusting for an Ordinary?

Host. Nay if you prate, I shall use you somewhat extraordinary.

Gent. Downe with the Rogue.

Cap. Since you hate calmes, and wil move stormy weather,
Now Host and guest shall all downe staires together.

Clown. Ah well done Master, tickle them noble Captaine.

Cap. Come Cock, I have tooke some of their stomacks
away from them before Dinner.

*Enter the Martiull with his two men, and his
two Daughters.*

Mar. We are at peace now, and in threatned death
We doe enjoy new life: my onely comforts,
The image of my late deceased wife,
Now have I time to surfeit on your sight,
Which Court-employments have debarr'd me long.
Oh Fortune, thou didst threaten misery,
And thou hast paid me comfort; neede we ought
That we should seeke the suffrage of the Court?
Are we not rich? are we not well renew'd?
Are not the Countrey-pleasures farre more sweete
Than the Court-cares? Instead of balling suiters
Our eares receive the musicke of the Hound;
For mounting pride and lofty ambition,
We in the Ayre behold the Falcons Tower,
And in that Morall mock those that aspire.
Oh my good King, instead of threat and wrong,
Thou hast brought me rest which I have wilht so long.

Isabella. Sir, we have long beene Orphans in the Countrey,
Whilst you still followed your affaires at Court;
We heard we had a Father by our Guardian,
But scarce till now could we enjoy your sight.

Katherine. Nor let it seeme offensive to your love,
That we in your retirement should take pride,
The King in this pursues our greater happinesse,
And quickens most where he would most destroy.

Mar. You are mine owne sweet girles & in your vertues
I place my sole blisse; you are all my honours,

My

The Loyall Subject.

My favours, state, and offices at Court: I would I had, now but
 What are you not? Let the King take my lands,
 And my possession, and but leave me you,
 He leaves me rich; more would I not desire,
 And lesse he cannot grant.

Enter a servant.

Serv. One from the King
 Attends your honour, and his urgency
 Craves quick dispatch.

Mar. Ladies withdraw a little,
 I long to know what mischief's now afoot;
 Wee'le front it be it death, ey and march towards it.
 A Chaire, admit the Herald, let him in;
 We are arm'd 'gainst what can come, our breast is true.
 And that's one *Maxim*, what is foret, is wrong.
 We can both keepe our heart and guide our tongue.

Enter the servant ushering in Chester.

Chest. Sir, the King greets you, and commands you effect
 His will in this; you know the Character.

Mar. My good Lord Martiall you are welcome hither,
 These Lines I kisse because they came from him.

Chest. You'le like the letter better than the style:
 Ha, change your face? is your blood moov'd to the tyde,
 Or ebbes it to your heart?

Mar. Thou hast two Daughters, *He reads*
 Faire by report, her whom thou lov'st best
 Send to the Court; it is thy Kings behest.
 Doe this on thy allegiance.

Chest. Sir your Answer?

Mar. I pray Sir deale with men in misery
 Like one that may him self be miserable:
 Insult not too much upon men distressed,
 Play not too much upon my wretchednesse.
 The noble minds still will not when they can.

Chest. I cannot stay for answer, pray be briefe.

Mar. You are more welcome than your message here,
 And yet that's welcome coming from my King.
 Pray Sir forbeare me, 'tis the Kings command.

The Royal King, and

And you shall know mine answer instantly
Receive him nobly.

Chest. I shall waite your pleasure.

Mar. Malice, revenge, displeasure, envy, hate;
I had thought that you had onely dwelt at Court,
And that the Countrey had beene cleere and free;
But from Kings wraths no place I finde is safe
My fairest daughter? had the King commanded
One of my hands, I had sent it willingly;
But her! yet Kings must not be dallied with
Somewhat I must resolve to breed of force
Treason or to my blood, or to my King,
False Father, or false Subject I must prove,
Be true to him I love, or her I love,
Somewhat I must: my Daughters, call them in.

Enter one ushering the Ladies.

Leave them and us
Ladies I must be blunt, the King's displeas'd
And hearing of two children whom I love
My patience and my duty to my
Commands that she whom I love best must dye.

Isab. Dye? Is that's nothing; must nor all men sold
And doth not Heaven crowne martyr'd innocence?
I was afraid my Lord the King had sent
To have strumpetted the last of your blood:
An innocent death my Lord is crowne of rest,
Then let me dye as her whom you love best.

Kath. If but to dye, prove that you love me then;
Death were most welcome to confirm your love.
Alas my Sister, she hath not the heart
To looke upon a rough Tormenters face:
I am bold and constant, and my courage great;
As token of your love then point out me.

Mar. Alas my girl, for greater ill prepare;
Death would end yours, and somewhat ease my sorrow:
What I must speake, contains Heavens greatest curse;
Search all the world, you can finde nought so ill.

Isab.

the Loyall Subject.

Isab. Speak't at once.

Mar. Her whom I best affect,
The King intends to strumper.

Kath. Blesse me Heaven!

Mar. Should he,

Kath. By all my joyes I'le sooner dye
Then suffer it.

Isab. And so by Heaven will I.

Mar. Now you are mine indeed, who would forget
One of these jemmies so fine, and valued so?

But passion give me leave, the King commands,
I must obey. The fairest he sent for;

None of my daughters have beene scene at Court,

Nor hath the ambitious *Chesler* view'd them yet:

My eldest then shall goe, come hither girl;

I send thee, (Heaven knowes) whether to thy death

Or to thine honour; though he envie me,

Yet in him selfe the King is honourable,

And will not stretch his malice to my child.

The worst I feare, and yet the best I hope.

I charge thee then even by a fathers name,

If the King daine to take thee to his bed

By name of Queene, if thou perceiv'st thy selfe

To be with child, conceale it even from him;

Next, when thou find'st him affable and free,

Finde out some talke about thy Sister here,

As thus; thy Father sent thee but in jest,

Thy Sister's fairest, and I love her best.

Isab. Is may in case the King

Mar. What I intend

Is to my selfe, inquire no further of it.

Isab. I shal performe your will, and thus resolv'd

To be a Martyr e're a Concubine.

But if the King afford me further favour,

In my close bosome your last words I'll place.

Mar. Sister and Sister part, be you not scene,

Bid her farewell, a Martyr or a Queene.

The Royall King, *and*

They cannot speake for teares, alas for woe;
That force should part Sister and Sister thus,
And that the Child and Father of one heart,
Comands and powerfull threats should thus divide
But *Chester* staves, within there? *Enter Servant.*

Serv. My Lord?

Mar. Have you receiv'd Earle *Chester* honourably?

Serv. The noblest welcome that the house could yeeld
He hath had my Lord, nothing was held too deere:
He much extolls your bounty.

Mar. Vther him in, we are now ready for him.

Serv. I shall my Lord, *Enter Chester.*

Chest. Sir, I have stay'd your leasure, now your Answer?

Mar. That I obey, the fairest of my gittes
I send the King.

Chest. I easily can beleieve
That this the fairest is, her like in Court
Lives not; she is a Present for a King.

Mar. Say to the King I give her but conditionally,
That if he like not this fairest of the two,
Vntain'd he will his gift send backe againe.

Chest. I shall, come Lady.

Mar. My Lord, I doe not load you with commendes
And duties which I could doe to the King:
I know your love, your memory may faile you,
And you them all may scatter by the way.
Doe thou a Fathers duty thus in teares,
And send me how thou speed'st to free these feares. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius.

Enter Clowne and the Lady Mary.

Mary. Came you from him?

Clown. Yes if it please your Maienship; my Master sends
you word he is the old man, and his suite is the old suite still,
and

the Loyall Subiect.

and his cloaths the old cloaths : He scornes to be a changeling, or a shifter; he feares nothing but this, that hee shall fall into the Lord your fathers hands for want of reparations,

Mary. We know thy meaning, here beare him this gold, And bid him suite him like the man he was, Bid him to face the proudest hee in Court; He shall not want whilst we have.

Clowne. That was out of my Commission Lady, Gold tempts, I have commandment not to touch it; 'tis another thing he aymes at: it is a thing, but I know not what manner of thing; but something it is, and he vowes not to thift a shirt till he be further resolv'd: hee onely sends you Commendations, and withall to know if you would stand to your word.

Mary. He wrongs me to cast doubts: Tell him I am the same I ever was, And ever will continue as I am. But that he should disclaime this courtesie Being in want, and coming too from me, Doth somewhat trouble me.

Clowne. We want Madam? you are deceiv'd, wee have store, of ragges; plenty, of tatters; abundance, of faggies; huge rents, witnesse our breeches; ground enough to command, for we can walke where we will, none will bid us to Dinner; houses rent-free, and goodly ones to chuse where we will; the Martialsie, the Counter, Newgate, Bridewell; and would a man desire to dwell in stronger buildings? and can you say that we are in want? No Lady, my Captaine wants nothing but your love, and that he intreats you to send by me the bearer.

Mary. I doe, with all the best affection
A Virgin can bestow upon her friend.

Clowne. I dare sweare he is an honest man, but I dare not say he is a true man.

Mary. How, not a true man?

Clowne. No; for hee hath sworne to steale you away,

The Royall King, and

and thus I prove it : if he steale you away, I am sure you will not goe naked ; he cannot steale you, but hee must steale the cloaths you have on ; and he that steales apparrell, what is he but a Theefe ? and hee that is a Theefe cannot be a true man
Ergo.

Mary. That is no theft when men but steale their owne,
And I am his, witnesse this Diamond,
Which beare him, and thus say, that no disaster
Shall ever part me from his company.

Clown. I shall beare this with as good will as you would beare him, *Ut cumq; volumus.*

Mary. What are we but our words ? when they are past,
Faith should succeed, and that should ever last.
My Father ?

Enter Audley.

Aud. Wots thou who's returnd,
The unthrif *Bonvile*, ragged as a scarre-crow,
The Warres have gnaw'd his garments to the skinne :
I met him, and he told me of a Contract.

Mary. Sir, such a thing there was.

Aud. Vpon condition if he came rich.

Mary. I heard no such exception.

Aud. Thou doest not meane to marry with a begger ?

Mary. Vnlesse he be a Gentleman, and *Bonvile*
Is by his birth no lesse.

Aud. Such onely gentile are, that can maintaine
Gentily.

Mary. Why, should your state faile you,
Can it from you your honours takeaway ?
Whilst your Allegiance holds, what need you more,
You ever shall be noble although poore.

Aud. They are noble that have nobles ; gentle they
That appeare such.

Mary. Indeed so worldlings say :
But vertuous men proove they are onely deare
That all their riches can about them beare.

Sound : Enter the King, Clinton, Bonvile, Prince, Princessse.

King. Is not Earle *Chester*

Return'd

the Loyall Subiect.

Return'd yet with an answer from the Martiall?

Prince. Not yet my Lord.

King. For such contention we now scorne revenge,
We'll try the utmost of his patience now:

He would exceed our love, if it appeare,
He will hold nothing for his King too deere.

And. Earle Chester is return'd.

Enter Chester and Isabella.

King. Hast brought her Chester?

Chest. Her whom her father the most faire esteemes,
He hath sent by me, onely with this request,
That if his free gift doe not like your Highnesse,
You'll send her backe untoucht to his embrace.

King. I feare we shall not, she appeares too faire,
So streightly to part with: what is he would
Attempt such virgin-modesty to staine
By hopes of honour, flatteries, or constraint?
How doe you like her? your opinions Lords?

Prince. A beauteous Lady, one that hath no peere
In the whole Court.

King. Therefore I hold her precious.

Princesse. A fairer face in Court who ever saw?
Her beauty would become the name of Queene.

Clin. One of more state or shape where shall we finde?

And. Her modesty doth doe her beauty grace,
Both in her cheekes have chus'd a soveraigne state.

King. You have past censure Lady, now you're mine,
And by your Fathers free gift you are so,
To make, or marre; to keepe, or bestow.

Isab. It glads me I am present to a King,
Whom I have alwayes heard my father rearme
Royall in all things; vertuous, modest, chaste;
And to have one free attribute besides,
Which even the greatest Emperour need not scorne,
Honest; te you if you be such my Liege,
A Virgins love I prostrate, and a heart
That wishes you all goodnesse with the duty

Of

The Royall King, and

Of a true subject, and a noble father;
Then mighty Prince report your subject noble,
Since all those vertues you receive in me.

King. Thou hast o'recome us all; that thou hast tearm'd us,
Wee'le strive to be, and to make good those attributes,
Thou hast bestow'd upon us, rise our Queene,
Thy vertue hath tooke off the threatning edge
Of our intended hate: though thou art ours
Both by free gift and duty, which we challenge
As from a subject; though our power could stretch
To thy dishonour, we proclaime thee freed,
And in this grace thy father we exceed.

Prince. The King in this shews honour: Princes still
Should be the Lords of their owne appetites,
And cherish vertue.

King. Have I your applause?

Bon. Your Highnesse shews both Royalty and Iudgment
In your faire choice.

King. Are your opinions so?

Aud. Farre be it mighty King we should distrust
Where you so well affect.

Princesse. For grace and feature
England affords not a more compleate Virgin.

Clin. Were she not the Martials daughter,
I'd tearme her worthy for my Soveraignes Bride.

Chest. Ey that's the grieve.

King. This kisse then be the Seale,
Thou art our Queene, and now art onely mine.

Isab. May I become your vassall and your Hand-maid,
Titles but equall to my humble birth:
But since your Grace a higher title daines,
Envy must needs obey where power compells.
Give expeditious order for the Rites
Of these our present Nuptials which shall be
Done with all State, and due solemnity,
And Martiall in this businesse thou shall finde
Thy selfe defectiue, and not us unkind.

Enter

the Loyall Subiect.

Enter servant.

Serv. Health to your Highnesse.

King. Whence?

Serv. From my sad Master,

Your Martiall once, now your dejected vassall,
And thus he bid me say : If the King daigne
To grace my daughter with the stile of Queene,
To give you then this Casket which containes
A double dower; halfe of this mighty summe
He out of his revenewes had afforded,
Had she bin match but to a Barons bed;
But since your Highnesse daignes her for your Bride,
And his Alliance scornes not to disdain,
He saith a double dower is due to you.

King. He strives to exceed us still; this emulation
Begets our hate, and questions him of life.
This Dower we take, his Daughter entertaine,
But him we never shall receive to grace.
Beare not from us so much as love or thanks :
We onely strive in all our actions
To be held peerelesse for our courtesie
And Royall bounty, which appears the worse,
Since he a Subject would precede his Prince :
And did we not his Daughter dearly love,
Wee'd send her backe with scorne, and base neglect.
But her we love, though him in heart despise,
Pay him that thanks for all his courtesies.

Serv. In this imployment I will strive to doe
Th' office of a subject, and of servant too.

King. Since to that emulous Lord we have sent our hate,
Come to our Nuptials let's passe on in state.

Exit.

Enter Captaine and Clowne.

Cap. The humours of Court, Citty, Campe, and Country
I have trac't, and in them can finde no man, but money; all
subscribe to this Motto, *Malo pecuniam viro*. Oh poverty,
thou art esteem'd a sinne worse than whoredome, gluttony,
extortion, or usury:
And earthy gold, thou art preferr'd 'fore Heaven.
Let but a poore man in a thred-bare suite,

The Royall King, and

Or ragged as I am, appeare at Court,
The fine-nos'd Courtiers will not sent him; no,
They shunne the way as if they met the Pest:
Or if he have a suite, it strikes them deafe,
They cannot heare of that side.

Clown. Come to the Citty, the Habberdasher will sooner call us blockheads, than blocke us; come to the Sempsters, unlesse we will give them money, we cannot enter into their bands: though we have the Law of our sides, yet wee may walke through Burchin-lane and be non-suited: come bare-foot to a Shooe-maker, though he be a Constable, he will not put us into his Stocks; though the Girdler be my brother, yet he will not let his leather imbrace me; come to the Glover, his gloves are either so little that I cannot plucke them on, or so great that I cannot compasse. And for the Campe, there's honour cut out of the whole peece, but not a ragge of money.

Cap. The Countrey hath alliance with the rest: my purpose is now I have so thorowly made prooffe of the humours of men, I will next assay the dispositions of women, not of the choicest, but of those whom wee call good wenches.

Clowne. Pray Master if you goe to a house of good fellowship, give me something to spend upon my Cockatrice; if I have nothing about me, I shall never get in.

Cap. Ther's for you sirrah; doth not the world wonder I should be so flush of money, and so bare in cloaths? the reason of this I shall give account for hereafter: But to our purpose, here they say dwels my Lady Bawdy-face, here will we knock.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. Who's there? what would you have? ha?

Cap. Sweet Lady we would enter; nay by your leave.

Bawd. Enter? where? here be no breaches for you to enter truely.

Cap. And yet we are souldiers, and have venter'd upon as hot service as this place affords any.

Bawd. Away you base companions, we have no breaches
for

the Loyall Subiect.

for such tatter'd breeches, we have no patches to suite with your ragges.

Cap. Nay, pray give way.

Bawd. Away you rogues, doe you come to shake your ragges here? doe you thinke we can vent our ware without money you rascals? get you from my doore you beggerly companions, or I'll wash you hence with hot scalding water.

Clown. Nay I warrant her, wenches can afford her that at all times.

Bawd. Doe I keepe house to entertaine Tatterdemaleane with a Poxe, you will be gone?

Cap. We must forbear, the gallants are out of patience, stand aside. *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. Gent. I would faine goe in, but I have spent all my mony.

2. Gent. No matter, they shall not know so much till we get in, and then let me alone, I'll not out till I be fir'd out.

1. Gent. Then let's set a good face of the matter, By your leave Lady.

Bawd. You're welcome Gentlemen.

1. Gent. What fellows be you?

Bawd. Two poore souldiers that came for an almes and please you, that stay for some reverfions; there's none such come into my house I warrant you.

2. Gent. Save you sweet Lady.

Bawd. Where be those kitchin stufes here, shall we have no attendants? shew these Gentlemen into a close roome, with a standing bed in't, and a truckle too; you are welcome Gentlemen.

Cap. 'Tis generall thorow the world, each state esteemes
A man not what he is, but what he seemes:
The purest flesh rag'd can no entrance have,
But It'ch and all disease if it come brave,
Wide open stand the gates of lust and sin,
And those at which the wide world enters in.

Madam, to be short, I must have a wench, though I am ragged outward, I am rich inward: here's a brace of Angels for

The Royall King, and

you, let me have a pritty wench, I'le be as bountifull to her.

Bawd. Your Worshipp's very heartily welcome: wher's *Sis*? Where's *Ioyce*? the best roome in the house for the Gentleman; call *Mistris Priscilla*, and bid her keepe the Gentleman company.

Cap. I'le make bold to enter.

Bawd. Your Worshipp's most lovingly welcome: let the Gentleman have attendance, and cleane linnen if he need any; whither would you, you rogue?

Clown. Marry I would after my Master.

Bawd. Thy Master? why is you raggamuffin able to keep a man?

Clown. Ey that he is able to keepe a man, and himselfe too.

Bawd. Then that man must be able to pay for himselfe too, or else he may coole his heeles without if his appetite be hot.

Clown. Then shall I not goe in?

Bawd. No by my Mayden-head shal you not, nor any such beggerly companion shall enter here, but he shall come thorow me too.

Shakes a purse.

Clown. No? what remedy? ha, ha; hee that rings at a doore with such a Bell, and cannot enter? Well, if there be no remedy, I'le even stay without.

Bawd. Oh me! is it you Sir? and are so strong to stand at the doore? Pray will you come neare? your Master is new gone in afore: Lord, Lord, that you would not enter without trusting! you were even as farre out of my remembrance as one that I had never seene afore.

Clown. I cannot blame you to forget me, for I thinke this be the first time of our meeting.

Bawd. What would you have Sir?

Clown. Nothing as they say, but a congratulation for our first acquaintance. I have it here old bully bottom, I have it here.

Bawd. I have it here too: nay, pray sir come in, I am loath to kisse at doore, for feare my neighbours should see.

Clowne. Speake, shall you and I condogge together?

I'le

the Loyall Subject.

I'le pay you to a haire.

Bawd. Nay, I beseech you sir, come in : a Gentleman, and stand at doore? I'le lead the way, and you shal come behind.

Clown. No, no ; I will not salute you after the *Italian* fashion : I'le enter before.

Bawd. Most lovingly, pray draw the latch sir. *Exit.*

Enter the two Gentlemen with the two wenches.

1. Gent. Nay faith sweet rogue thou shalt trust me for once.

1. Whore. Trust you? come up, can't thou pay the hackny for the hire of a horse, and think'st thou to breath me upon

1. Gen. Thou bid'st me come up, and shal I not ride? (trust?

1. Whore. Yes the gallows as soone.

2. Whore. A Gentleman, and have no money? marry you make a most knightly offer.

2. Gent. How? to offer thee no money?

2. Whore. How can they offer that have none?

2. Gent. I'le either give thee ware or money, that's as good.

2. Whore. Ey but sir, I'le deale with no such chapmen.

Enter Bawd, Capitaine, and Clowne.

Bawd. What's the matter here? ha? can you not agree about the bargaine?

1. Whore. Here's Gallants would have us breath'd, and forsooth they have no money.

2. Whore. They thinke belike, dyet, lodging, ruffes, cloaths, and holland-smocks can all be had without money, and a diseate, if wee should catch it, Heaven blesse us, can be cur'd without money.

Bawd. That's fine yfaith : if my beds be shaken out of their joints, or my cords broken, must not the Ioyner and the Rope-maker both have money? if my rugges be rub'd out with your toes, can they be repair'd without money? if my linnen be fou'd, can I pay my landresse without money? besides, we must have something to maintaine our broken windows I hope; the Glazier wil not mend the without mony.

1. Gent. Come, come, let's run a score for once.

Bawd. You shall not score of my tally, out of my doores.

The Royall King, and

Enter Captaine.

Cap. Why shall we not be bosom'd? have we paid, and must we not have wenches?

Bawd. You shall have the choicest of my house gentlemen.

1. Gent. Who, those Rascalls?

Bawd. They be Rascalls that have no money; those be Gentlemen that have Crownes; these are they that pay the Ioyner, the rope-maker, the Vpholster, the Launder, the Glazier; will you get you out of my doores, or shall wee scold you hence?

Clown. That you shall never by thrusting them out of doores.

1. Gent. Who but a mad man would be so base as to be hir'd, much more to hire one of those bruitists, that make no difference betwixt a Gentleman and a begger, nay, I have seene enough to be soone intreated.

2. Gent. You shall not need to feare me, I am gone: Hee's past before, nor will I stay behinde; I have seene enough to loath all your sisterhood.

Bawd. Marry farewell frost. Now Sir, will you make your choice, and your man after?

Cap. I'll have both, these are mine.

Clown. Goe you then with your paire of Whores, I'll goe with this old skuller that first ply'd me.

Bawd. I see thou lovest to goe by water; come, shall we dally together? sit upon my knee my sweet boy, what money hast thou in thy purse? wilt thou bestow this upon me my sweet chicke?

Clowne. I'll see what I shall have first for my money by your favour.

1. Whore. And shall I have this?

2. Whore. And I this?

Cap. Both these are mine, we are agreed then? But I am asham'd, being such a tatter'd rogue, to lye with two such fine gentlewomen; besides, to tell you truely, I am louzie.

1. Whore. No matter, thou shalt have a cleane shirt, and
but

the Loyall Subject.

but pay for the washing, and thy cloaths shall in the meane time be cast into an Oven.

Cap. But I have a worse fault, my skinne's not perfect :
What should I say I am?

2. Whore. Itchy? Oh thou shalt have Brimstone and Butter.

Cap. Worse than all these, my body is diseased,
I shall infect yours.

1. Whore. If we come by any mischance, thou hast money to pay for the cure : come, shall's withdraw into the next chamber?

Cap. You are not women, you are devils both,
And that your Damme ; my body save in warres,
Is yet unskarr'd, nor shall it be with you.
Say the last leacher that imbrac't you here,
And folded in his armes your rottennesse,
Had beene all these, would you not all that filth
Vomite on me? or who would buy diseases,
And make his body for a Spittle fit,
That may walke sound? I came to schoole you Whoore,
Not to corrupt you ; for what need I that
When you are all corruption ; be he lame,
Have he no Nose, be all his body stung
With the French Fly, with the *Sarpego* dry'd :
Be he a *Lazar*, or a Leper, bring
Coyne in his fist, he shall embrace your lust
Before the purest flesh that sues of trust.

Bawd. What *Diogenes* have we here? I warrant the *Cin-
nicke* himselte sayd not so much when he was seene to come
out of a Bawdy house.

Cap. He sham'd not to come out, but held it sinne
Not to be pardon'd. to be seene goe in.
But I'll be modest ; nay, nay, keepe your Gold
To cure those hot diseases you have got,
And being once cleere, betake you to one man,
And study to be honest, that's my counsell :
You have brought many like yon Gentlemen

The Royall King, and

That jet in Silkes, to goe thus ragg'd like us,
Which did they owne our thoughts, these rags would change
To shine as we shall, though you think it strange.
Come, come, this house is infected, shall we goe?

Clowne. Why Sir, shall I have no sport for my money, but
even a snatch and away?

Cap. Leave me, and leave me ever, and observe
This rule from me, where there is lodg'd a Whore,
Thinke the Plagues crosse is set upon that doore.

Clowne. Then Lord have mercy upon us: where have we
beene?

The Clowne goes learing away, and shaking his head.

Bawd. Hift, hift; heere's a rayling companion in-
deed.

I. Whore. I know not what you call a rayling companion:
but such another discourse would make me goe neere to turn
honest.

Bawd. Nay, if you be in that minde, I'll send for your
love: the plague in my house? the Pox is as soone: I am sure
there was never man yet that had *Lord have mercy upon*
us in his minde, that would ever enter here: Nay will you
goe?

*Sound, enter the King, Prince, Princeesse, all the Lords,
the Queene, &c.*

King. Before you all I here acknowledge Lords,
I never held me happy but in this

My vertuous choice, in having your applause,
Me-thinks I had the sweet consent of Heaven,

Princeesse. This noble Lady, now my royall Mother,
Hath by her love to you, regard to us,

And courteous affability to all,
Attain'd the generall suffrage of the Realme.

Princeesse. Her modest carriage shall be rules to me,

Her

the Loyall Subiect.

Her words instructions, her behaviour precepts,
Which I shall ever study to observe.

Queen. I feele my body growing by the King,
And I am quicke although he know it not;
Now comes my fathers last injunction
To my remembrance, which I must fulfill,
Although a Queene, I am his daughter still.

King. Lords, and the rest forbear us till we call,
A chaire first, and another for our Queene,
Some private conference we intend with her:
Now leave us. *Exeunt Lords.*

King. My fairest *Isabella*, the choise jewell
That I weare next my heart; I cannot hide
My love to thee, 'tis like the Sunne invelopt
In watery clouds, whose glory will breake thorow,
And spite opposure, scornes to be conceal'd;
Saving one thing, aske what my kingdome yeelds,
And it is freely thine.

Queen. What's that my Lord?

King. I cannot speake it without some distaste
To thee my Queene, yet if thy heart be ours
Name it not to me.

Queen. I am onely yours.

King. Begge not thy fathers free repeale to Court,
And to those offices we have bestow'd,
Save this, my Kingdome, and what it containes,
Is thy wills subject.

Queen. You are my King, and Husband;
The first includes allegiance, the next duty,
Both these have power above a Fathers name,
Though as a daughter I could wish it done,
Yet since it stands against your Royall pleasure,
I have no suite that way.

King. Thou now hast thrust thy hand into my bosome,
And we are one; Thy beauty, oh thy beauty!
Never was King blest with so faire a wife.
I doe not blame thy Father to preferre

G

Thee

The Royall King, and

Thee 'fore thy sister both in love and face,
Since *Europe* yeelds not one of equall grace:
Why smiles my love?

Queen. As knowing one so faire,
With whom my pale cheek never durst compare:
Had you but seene my Sister, you would say,
To her the blushing Corall should give way:
For her cheek stains it; Lillies to her brow
Must yeeld their Ivory whitenesse, and allow
Themselves o'recome. If ere you saw the skie
When it was clear'st, it never could come nigh
Her Azure veines in colour; shee's much clearer,
Ey, and her love much to my Father dearer.

King. We by our noble Martiall made request
For the most faire, and her whom he best lov'd:
Durst he delude us?

Queen. What I speake is true,
So will your selfe say when shee comes in place.

King. Our love to thee shall not o'recome that hate
We owe thy Father, though thou bee'st our Queene.

Queen. He keeps her as his Treasure, locks her safe
Within his armes: he onely minded me
As one he lov'd not, but thought meerely lost.

King. Thou art lost indeed, for thou hast lost my heart,
Nor shalt thou keepe it longer: all my love
Is swallowed in the spleene I beare thy Father,
And in this deepe disgrace put on his King,
Which wee'le revenge.

*Enter Prince, Princessse, Chester, Clinton, Bonville,
and Audley.*

King. It shall be thus:
Chester beare hence this Lady to her Father
As one unworthy us, with her that dower
The double dower he by his servant sent:
Thy teares nor knee shall once prevaile with us.
As thou art loyall, without further language
Depart our presence, wee'le not heare thee speake.

Chest.

the Loyall Subiect.

Chest. What shall I further say?

King. Command him on his life to send to Court
His other Daughter, and at our first summons,
Lest we proclaime him Traytor: this see done
On thy Allegiance.

Chest. Now the goale is ours.

King. None dare to censure or examine this,
That we shall hold our friend, or of our blood:
Subjects that dare against their Kings contend,
Hurle themselves downe whilst others hie ascend.

Exit.

Actus quartus.

Enter the Marriall and his daughter Katherine,

Mar. I see the King is truly honourable:
All my disgraces and disparagements
He hath made good to me in this, to queene my child,
And which more glads me, with such ardency
He seemes to affect her, and to hold her deare,
That nothing's valued, if compar'd with her.
Now Heaven whilst thou this second happinesse
And blisse wilt lend me, I shall still grow great
In my content, opinion, and my fate,
In spight of whisperers, and Court-flatterers.

Kath. Had you best lov'd my Sister, and lesse me,
I had beene Queene before her; but she venter'd
For her preferment, therefore 'tis her due;
Out of our feares and loves her honours grew.

Mar. Whilst I may keepe thy beauty in mine eye,
And with her new rais'd fortunes fill mine eare,
I second none in blisse; she's my Court comfort,
Thou my home happinesse: in these two blest,
Heaven hath inrich't me with a crowne of rest.

Kath. Nor doe I covet greater Royalties
Than to enjoy your presence, and your love,

The Royall King, and

The best of these I prize above all fortunes,
Nor would I change them for my Sisters state.

Mar. Her beauty and her vertues mixt, have won
The King my Sovereigne to be tearm'd my son.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Earle *Chester*, with the Queene your princely daughter
Are without traine alighted at the gate,
And by this entréd.

Mar. Thou hast troubled me,
And with a thousand thoughts at once perplex't
My affrighted heart: admit them; soft, not yet;
What might this meane? my daughter in the charge
Of him that is my greatest opposite,
And without traine, such as becomes a Queene?
More tempest towards *Kate*? from which sweete child,
If I may keepe thee, may it on my head
Powre all his wrath, even till it strike me dead.

Kath. Rather, my Lord, your Royall life to free,
All his sterne fury let him showre on me.

Ser. My Lord shall I admit them?

Mar. Prithee stay,
Fate threatens us, I would devise a meanes
To shunne it if we might: thou shalt withdraw, *To his*
And not be seene; something we must devise *Daughter.*
To guard our selves, and stand our opposites:
Goe keepe your chamber, now let *Chester* in.

Serv. I shall my Lord.

Mar. My Loyalty for me, that keepe me still;
A Tower of safety, and a shield 'gainst Fate.

Enter the servant ushering Chester and the Queene.

Chest. The King thy daughter hath in scorne sent backe.

Mar. Pause there, and as y are noble answer me
E're you proceed, but to one question.

Chest. Propound it.

Mar. Whence might this distaste arise?
From any loose demeanor, wanton carriage,
Spouse-breach, or disobedience in my daughter?

the Loyall Subiect.

If so, I'll not receive her, shee's not mine.

Queen. That let mine enemy speake, for in this kind
I would be tax't by such.

Chest. Vpon my soule
There is no guilt in her.

Mar. Bee't but his humour,
Th'art welcome, both my daughter and my Queene;
In this my Palace thou shalt reigne alone,
I'll keepe thy state, and make these armes thy Throne :
Whil'st thou art chaste, thy stile with thee shall stay,
And reigne, though none but I and mine obey.
What can you further speake ?

Chest. Her double Dower
The King returnes thee.

Mar. We accept it, see,
It shall maintaine her port even with her name,
Being my Kings wife, so will I love his Grace,
Shee shall not want, will double this maintaine her.

Chest. Being thus discharg'd of her, I from the King
Command thee send thy fairer Girle to Court,
Shee that's at home, with her to act his pleasure.

Mar. Sir, you were sent to challenge, not to kill ;
These are not threats, but blowes, they wound, they wound.

Chest. If Treasons imputation thou wilt shun,
And not incur the forfeit of thy life,
Let the Kings will take place.

Mar. You have my offices,
Would you had now my griefe ; but that alone
I must endure : would thou hadst both, or none.
Sentence of death when it is mildly spoke,
Halfe promises life ; but when your doome you mixe
With such rough threats, what is't but twice to kill ?
You tyrannize Earle *Chester*.

Chest. Will you send her ?

Mar. That you shall know anon. Tell me my Queene,
How grew this quarrell 'twene the King and thee ?

Queen. By you was never Lady more belov'd,

The Royall King, and

Or wife more constant than I was to him :
Have you forgot your charge, when I perceiv'd
My selfe so growne, I could no longer hide
My greatnesse, I began to speake the beauties
Of my faire Sister, and how much she excell'd,
And that you sent me thither as a jest,
That shee was fairest, and you lov'd her best ?

Mar. Enough ; th'art sure with child, and neare thy time ;

Queen. Nothing more sure.

Mar. Then that from hence shall grow

A salve for all our late indignities :

Pray doe my humble duty to the King.

And thus excuse me, that my daughter's sicke,

Craz'd, and weake, and that her native beauty

Is much decay'd ; and should she travell now,

Before recovered, 'twould ingage her life

To too much danger : when she hath ability

And strength to journey, I will send her safe

Vnto my King ; this as I am subject,

And loyall to his Highnesse.

Chest. Your excuse

Hath ground from love and reason :

This your answer I shall returne to the King.

Mar. With all my thanks:

That since my daughter doth distaste his bed,

He hath sent her backe, and home to me her father,

His pleasure I withstand not, but returne

My zeale, and these doe not forget I pray.

Chest. I shall your words have perfect, and repeate them

Vnto the King.

Mar. I should disgrace her beauty

To send it maim'd and wayning ; but when she

Attaines her perfectnesse, then shall appeare

The brightest starre fix't in your Courtly Spheare.

Chest. The King shall know as much.

Mar. It is my purpose,

All my attempts to this one head to draw,

Once

the Loyall Subiect.

Once more in courtesies to o'recome the King.
Come beauteous Queene, and thy faire Sister cheere,
Whom this sad newes will both amaze and feare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bonvile in all his bravery, and his man in a new livery.

Cap. Sirrah, are all my lands out of morgage, and my
deeds redeem'd?

Clowne. I cannot tell that Sir; but wee have had whole
chest-fulls of writings brought home to our house.

Cap. Why then 'tis done, I am possesst againe
Of all my Fathers ancient revenues.

Clowne. But how came you by all this money to buy
these new suits? methinks we are not the men we were.

Cap. Questionlesse that; for now those that before de-
spis'd us, and our company, at meeting give us the *bonjour*.

Oh Heaven, thou ever art Vertues sole Patron,
And wilt not let it sinke: all my knowne fortunes
I had ingag'd at home, or spent abroad:

But in the warres, when I was held quite bankrupt

Of all good happ, it was my chance to quarter

In such a house when we had sack't a Towne,

That yeelded me inestimable store

Of gold and jewells, those I kept till now

Vnknowne to any, pleading poverty,

Onely to try the humour of my friends,

Which I have prov'd, and now know how to finde

Fixt upon wealth, to want unnaturall.

Enter Match and Touch-boxe.

Clown. See Sir, yonder are my old fellows, *Match* and
Touch-boxe; I doe not thinke but they come to offer their
service to you.

Touch. Save thee noble Captaine, hearing of thy good
fortunes, and advancement, I am come to offer my selfe to be
partaker of the same, and to follow thee in the same colours
that thou hast suited the rest of thy servants. (very.

Clown. God-a-mercy horse, you shall not stand to my li-

Match You see our old clothes sticke by us still, good
Captaine see us new moulded.

Cap.

The Royall King, and

Cap. You are flies, away ; they that my Winter fled,
Shall not my Summer taste : they onely merit
A happy harbour, that through stormy Seas
Hazard their Barkes, not they that sayle with ease.

You taste none of my fortunes.

Clown. Corporall, you see this Livery ? if you had stay'd
by it, we had beene both cut out of a peece : Match, if you
had not left us, you had beene one of this guard : Goe, away,
betake you to the end of the Towne ; let me finde you be-
tweene Woods close-stile and Islington, with will it please
your Worship to bestow the price of two Cannes upon a
poore souldier, that hath serv'd in the face of the Souldan,
and so forth, *Apaga*, away, I scorne to be fellow to any
that wil leave their Masters in adversity : if he entertaine you,
he shall turne away me, that's certaine.

Match. Then good your Worship bestow something up-
on a poore souldier, I protest —

Clown. Loe, I have taught him his lesson already ; I knew
where I should have you ?

Cap. There's first to make you beggers ; for to that all
such must come that leave their Masters poore. Begon, and
never let me see you more.

Touch. God be with you good Captaine : come *Match*,
let us betake us to our randevous at some out end of the
Citty.

Cap. Hee makes a begger first that first relieves him ;
Not Usurers make more beggers where they live,
Than charitablemen that use to give.

Clown. Here comes a Lord. *Enter Clinton.*

Clin. I am glad to see you Sir.

Cap. You know me now ? your Worship's wondrous wife,
You could not know me in my last disguise.

Clin. Lord God you were so chang'd.

Cap. So am I now
From what I was of late : you can allow
This habite well, but put my tother on,
No congie then, your Lordship must be gon.

You

the Loyall Subiect.

You are my Summer-friend, *Enter Bonvile.*

Bonv. Cousin, well met.

Cap. You should have said well found,
For I was lost but late, dead, under ground
Our Kinred was : when I redeem'd my Land,
They both reviv'd, and both before you stand.

Bon. Well, well, I know you now.

Cap. And why not then ?

I am the same without all difference ; when
You saw me last, I was as rich, as good,
Have no additions since of name, or blood ;
Onely because I wore a thread-bare suite,
I was not worthy of a poore salute.

A few good cloaths put on with small adoe,
Purchase your knowledge, and your kinred too.
You are my silken Uncle : oh my Lord,

Enter Audley and his Daughter.

You are not in haste now ?

Aud. I have time to stay,

To aske you how you doe, being glad to heare
Of your good fortune, your repurchast lands,
And state much amplified.

Cap. All this is true ;

Ey but my Lord, let me examine you :
Remember you a Contract that once past
Betwixt me and your daughter ? here it hee stands.

Aud. Sir, since you did vm mortgage all your meanes,
It came into my thoughts ; trust me, before
I could not call't to minde.

Cap. Oh mens weake strength,
That aime at worlds, when they but their meere length
Must at their end enjoy : Thou then art mine,
Of all that I have proof'd in poverty,
The onely test of vertue : what are these ?
Though they be Lords, but worldlings, men all earth.
Thou art above them ; vertuous, that's divine ;
Onely thy heart is noble, therefore mine.

H

Mary.

The Royall King, and

Mary. And to be yours, is to be what I wish;
You were to me as welcome in your ragges,
As in these Silkes. I never did examine
The out-side of a man, but I begin
To censure first of that which growes within.

Cap. Onely for that I love thee: These are Lords
That have bought Titles. Men may merchandize
Wares, ey, and trafficke all commodities
From Sea to Sea, ey and from shore to shore,
But in my thoughts, of all things that are sold,
'Tis pittie Honour should be bought for gold.
It cuts off all desert.

Enter the Host.

Clowne. Matter, who's here? mine Host of the Ordinary?

Cap. Your businesse sir? what by petition?

Host. Falne to a little decay by trulsting, and knowing
your Worshup ever a bountifull young Gentleman, I make
bold to make my wants first knowne to you.

Cap. Pray what's your suite?

Host. Onely for a cast suite, or some small remuneration.

Cap. And thou shalt have the suite I ha't put off:

Fetch it me *Cock.* *Cock.* I shall Sir.

Cap. Falne to decay? I'le fit you in your kind.

Cock. I have a suite to you Sir, and this it is.

Cap. In this suit came I to thine Ordinary,
In this thou wouldst have thrust me out of doores,
Therefore with this that then proclaim'd me poore,
I'le salve thy wants, nor will I give thee more.
Base worldlings, that despise all such as need;
Who to the needy begger are still dumbe,
Not knowing unto what themselves may come.

Host. I have a cold suite on't if I be fore'to weare it in
winter. I bid your worshup farewell.

Clown. So should all that keepe Ordinaries, bid their guests
farewell, though their entertainment be never to ill. Well
sir, I take you but for an ordinary fellow, and so I leave you.
Master, who will not say that you are a brave fellow, and a
most noble Captaine, that with a word or two can discom-
fit an Host.

H

Cap.

the Loyall Subiect.

Cap. I know you, therefore know to rate your worths
Both to their height and depth, their true dimensions
I understand; for I have try'd them all:
But thou art of another element,
A mirrour of thy sexe, that canst distinguish
Vertue from wealth, thee as my owne I elect,
And these according to themselves despise.
A Courtier henceforth I my selfe professe,
And thee my wife, thou hast deserv'd no lesse.

*Enter the King, the Prince, and the Princeesse,
and Chester.*

King. No newes yet from our Martiall? we three moneths
Have stay'd his leasure, but receive not yet
That daughter we sent for.

Prince. Shee peradventure
Hath not her strength recovered, or her beauty
Lost by her sicknesse, to the full regain'd.

Chest. Vpon my life my Lord, when she is perfect,
And hath receiv'd her full ability,
Shee shall attend your pleasure.

Princeesse. But your Queene,
That vertuous Lady, when I thinke on her,
I can but grieve at her dejectednesse.

King. Heaven knowes I love her above all the world,
And but her Father, this contends with us
When we in all our actions strive to exceed:
We could not brooke her absence halfe so long.
But we will try his patience to the full.

*Enter Bonvile, Audley, Captaine, Clinton, Mary,
the Clowne.*

Cap. My prostrate duty to the King my Master
I here present.

Prince. This is the Gentleman
Commended for his valour in your warres,
Whose ruin'd fortunes I made suite to raise:
I would intreat your Highnesse to respect him.

King. All his proceedings we partake at large,

The Royall King, and

Know both his fall and height; we shall regard him
Even with his worth: be neare us, of our chamber.
Sir, we shall use your wisdom, and preferre it
According to your worth. Be this your hope
We know you.

Cap. Onely in that I am happy.

Enter the Servant.

Serv. Health to your Majesty. *King.* Whence?

Serv. From my Master,
The poorest subject that your land containes,
Rich onely in his truth and loyalty.

King. Speake, hath he sent his daughter?

Serv. Yes my Liege,
He hath sent his daughters, please you rest satisfied,
And patiently peruse what he hath sent.

King. We are full of expectations, pray admit
Those Presents that he meanes to greete us with.

Serv. You shall my Lord.

*Sound, enter with two Gentlemen-ushers before them, the
Queen crown'd, her sister to attend her as her waiting-maid,
with a traine.* (gold

Serv. Your Queene and wife crown'd with a wreath of
Of his owne charge, with that this double dower
Doubled againe, and guarded with this traine
Of Gentlewomen according to her state,
My Lord presents you: this his younger daughter,
He hath bestow'd a hand-maide to your Queene,
A place that may become her, were she child
Vnto your greatest Peere; had he had more,
More had he sent; these worthlesse as they be,
He humbly craves you would receive by me.

King. His bounty hath no limit, but my Queene!
Her bright aspect so much perswades with me,
It charmes me more than his humility.
Arise in grace, and sweet, forget your wrong.

Queen. My joyes unspeakable can finde no tongue
To expresse my true hearts meaning.

King.

the Loyall Subiect.

King. Beauteous Maide,
You are our Sister, and that royall Title
From all disgrace your freedome shall proclaime.

Kath. I finde your Grace the same my noble Father
Hath still reported you ; royall in all,
By whom the vertuous rise, th'ignoble fall.

Prince. I have not seene a Lady more compleate ;
Her modesty and beauty, both are matchlesse.

King. Am I a King, and must be exceeded still ?
Or shall a subject say that we can owe ?
His bounty we will equall, and exceed ;
We have power to better what in him's but well.
Your free opinions Lords, is not this Lady
The fairer of the twaine ? how durst our subject
Then dally with us in that high designe ?

Chest. With pardon of the Queene, shee's paralell'd
By her faire Sister.

Clin. Were my censure free,
I durst say better'd.

Prince. Were it put to me,
I should avow she, not the Queene alone
Excels in grace : but all that I have seene —

King. Dost love her ? *Prince.* As my honour, or my life.

King. Her whom thou so much praiest, take to wife.

Prince. You bleesse my youth.

Kate. And strive to eternize me.

Queen. Nor in this joy have I the meanest part,
Now doth your Grace your inward love expresse
To me, and mine.

King. I never meant thee lesse :
Thy Sister and thy daughter freely imbrace,
That next thee hath our Kingdome's second place.
How say you Lords, have we requited well
Our subjects bounty ? are we in his debt ?

And. Your Highnesse is in courtesie invincible.

Bonv. And bountifull beyond comparison.

Chest. This must not hold, prevention out of hand,

The Royall King, and

For if the Martiall rise, we stand not long.

Clin. Our wits must then to worke.

Chest. They must of force.

This is not that to which our fortunes trust,

King. Let then our subject know his King hath power
To vanquish him in all degrees of honour,
And he must now confesse himselfe excell'd:

With what can Heaven or Earth his want supply
To equall this our latest courtesie?

We have the day, we rise, and he must fall

As one subdu'd.

Serv. His Highnesse knows not all,
One speciall gift he hath reserv'd in store,

May happily make your Grace contend no more.

King. No sir? thinke you your Master will yet yeeld?
And leave to us the honour of the day?

I wish him here but this last fight to see,

To make him us acknowledge.

Serv. On my knee
One boone I have to begge.

King. Speake, let me know
Thy utmost suite.

Serv. My noble Master staves
Not farre from Court, and durst he be so ambitious
As but to appeare before you, and present you
With a rich gift exceeding all have past,
The onely perfect token of his zeale,
He would himselfe perpetually hold vanquish'd
In all degrees of love and courtesie.

King. For our Queenes love, and our faire daughters sake,
We doe not much care if we grant him that.

Admit him, and his presence urge with speed;

Well may he imitate, but not exceed.

Chest. I feare our fall: if once the Martiall rise,
Downe, downe must we.

Clin. Therefore devise some plot
His favour to prevent.

Chest.

the Loyall Subiect.

Chest. Leave it to me.

King. Lords, we are proud of this our unity,
Double Alliance, of our sonnes faire choice,
Since 'tis applauded by your generall voyce;
The rather since so matchlesse is our Grace,
That force perforce our subject must give place.

*Enter the Martiall, with a rich Cradle borne after him
by two Servants.*

Mar. Not to contend, but to expresse a duty
Of zeale and homage I present your grace
With a rich jewell, which can onely value
These royall honours to my Daughters done.

King. Value our bounty? shouldst thou sell thy selfe
Even to thy skin, thou couldst not rate it truely.

Mar. My Liege, I cannot, but in liew and part,
Though not in satisfaction, I make bold
To tender you this Present.

King. What's the project?
Here's cost and art, and amply both exprest,
I have not view'd the like.

Prince. 'Tis wondrous rare,
I have not seene a Modell richlier fram'd.

Princessse. Or for the quantity better contriv'd:
This Lord in all his actions is still noble,
Exceeding all requitall.

King. 'Tis a brave out-side.

Mar. This that you see my Lord is nothing yet;
More than its worth it hath commended bin:
This is the case, the jewell lyes within,
Pleaseth your Grace t'unvaile it.

King. Yes, I will:
But e're I open it my Lord, I doubt
The wealth within not equalls that without.

King. VVhat have we here?

Mar. A jewell I should rate,

Were

The Royall King, and

Were it mine owne, above your Crowne and Scepter.

King. Achild?

Mar. A Prince, one of your royall blood ;
Behold him King, my grand-child, and thy sonne,
Truely descended from thy Queene and thee,
The Image of thy selfe,

King. How can this be ?

Queen. My royall Liege and Husband, view him well,
If your owne favour you can call to minde,
Behold it in this Infant, limnd to th life ;
Hee's yours and mine, no kinred can be nearer.

King. To this rich jewell I hold nothing equall,
I know thee vertuous, and thy father loyall ;
But should I doubt both, yet this royall Infant
Hath such affection in my heart imprest,
That it assures him mine : my noble subject,
Thou hast at length o'recome me, and I now
Shall ever, ever hold me vanquished.

Had't thou sought Earth or Sea, and from them both
Extracted that which was most precious held,
Thou nothing could'st have found to equall this,
This, the mixt Image of my Queene and me ;
Here then shall all my emulation end,
O'recome by thee our subject, and our friend.

Mar. Your vassall, and your servant, that have strove
Onely to love you, and your royall favours ;
Not to requite, for that I never can ;
But to acknowledge, and in what I may
To expresse my gratitude.

King. Thine is the conquest ;
But shall I gee't o're thus ? 'tis in my head
How I this lost dayes honour shall regaine,
A gift as great as rich I have in store,
With which to gratifie our subjects love,
And of a value unrequitable :
Thou hast given me a Grand-child, and a sonne,
A royall infant, and to me most deare,

Yet

the Loyall Subiect.

Yet to surpasse thee in this emulous strife,
I give thee here a daughter and a wife.
Now must thou needs confesse the conquest wonne
By me thy King, thy Father, and thy sonne.

Mar. Your father, sonne, and subject quite surpast,
Yeelds himselfe vanquish't, and o'recome at length.

Princesse. You have not my consent yet.

Mar. Madam, no;
The King doth this, his bounty to expresse.
Your love is to your selfe, and theretore free,
Bestow it where you please.

Princesse. Why then on thee :
He that the Father doth so much respect,
Should not me-thinks the daughters love despise.
'Tis good for Maides take Husbands when they may,
Heaven knowes how long we may be forc't to stay.

King. Now Lords, these Nuptialls we will solempnize
In all high state, in which we will include
Yours noble *Bonville*, and with masks and revells
Sport out the tedious nights, each hand his Bride
Doubly by us from either part ally'd.

Enter Clowne.

Cock. Why this is as it should be; now doe I smell Courtier already, I feele the Souldier steale out of me by degrees, for Souldier and Courtier can hardly dwell both together in one bosome. I have a kind of fawning humour creeping upon me as soone as I but look't into the Court-gate; and now could I take a bribe, if any would be so foolish to gee't me, Now farewell Gun-powder, I must change thee into Damask-powder; for if I offer but to smell like a souldier, the Courtiers will stop their noses when they passe by me. My Caske I must change to a Cap and a Feather, my Bandileero to a Skarfe to hang my Sword in, and indeede, fashion my selfe wholly to the humours of the time. My Peece I must alter to a Poynado, and my Pike to a Pickadevant: onely this is my comfort, that our provant will be better here in the Court than in the Campe: there we did use to lye
I hard,

The Royall King, and

hard, and seldome : here I must practise to lye extreamely, and often : But whil'st I am trifling here, I shall loose the sight of the Solemnity : The Prince is married, and the Martiall's married, and my Master's married, there will be simple doings at night. Well, I must hence, for I beleeeve, the King, the Queene, and the rest of the Lords will use this place for their revells. *Dixi.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Clinton and Chester.

Clin. And why so sad my Lord ?

Chest. I am all dulnesse,
There's no life in me, I have lost my spirit,
And fluence of my braine : observe you not
In what a height yon fellow now resides
That was so late dejected ; trebly grafted
Into the Royall blood ? what can succeed,
But that we all our honours must resigne,
And he of them be repossess againe ?

Clin. The Marriages indeed are celebrated.

Chest. And they have all our pointed stratagems
Turn'd backe upon our selves.

Clin. What, no prevention ?

Chest. His Baffles are so fixt he cannot shrinke,
Being so many wayes ingraft and planted
In the Kings blood : but our supporters stand
As shak't with Earthquakes, or else built on sand.

Enter Audley and Bonvile.

Aud. My Lords attend the King, and cleare this chamber,
For this nights revells 'tis the place prepar'd.

Bon. Your duties Lords, the King's upon his entrance.

*Enter the King, the Queene, the Prince, his
wife, the Martiall and the Princesse.*

King. Ey, so 't must be, each man hand his owne :
For I am where I love ; we are even coupled,

Some

the Loyall Subiect.

Some Musicke then.

Princesse. Here's one falls off from me.

King. How now my Lord, dejected in your looks?
Or doth our sports distaste you?

Mar. Pardon me,
I cannot dance my Liege.

King. You can looke on:
My Lord, you take his place, wee'le have a measure,
And I will lead it; bid the Musicke strike.

A measure: in the midst the Martiall goes discontented away.

So, well done Ladies: but we misse the Husband
To our faire Daughter, what's become of him?

Chest. Gone discontented hence.

King. What might this meane?
Doth he distaste his Bride, or envy us
That are degree'd above him? where's our Queene?

Queen. My Liege?

King. You shall unto him instantly,
Attended with a beauteous traine of Ladies,
And to his Chamber beare his princely Bride.

Bonville, take you her royall Dower along,
You shall receive it of our Treasurer.

Cap. I shall my Lord.

King. Vsher the Queene and Ladies, be their guide,
That done, each one to bed with his faire Bride.

Enter Martiall.

Mar. I am so high, that when I looke but downe,
To see how farre the earth is under me,
It quakes my body, and quite chills my blood:
And in my feare although I stand secure,
I am like him that falls. I but a subject,
And married to the Daughter of the King,
Though some may thinke me happy in this match,
To me 'tis fearefull: who would have a wife
Above him in command, to imbrace with awe,
Whom to displease, is to distaste the King?

The Royall King, and

It is to have a Mistris, not a wife,
A Queene, and not a subjects bed-fellow.
State I could wish abroad to crowne my head,
But never yet lov'd Empire in my bed.

Enter servant.

Serv. The Queene your daughter with your princely Bride,
And other Ladies, make way towards your chamber.

Mar. 'Tis open to receive them, pray them in.

Enter Bonvile, the Queene, the Princeesse, &c.

Queen. My Lord the King commends his love to you
In your faire Bride, whom royally conducted
He hath sent to be the partner of your bed.

Mar. Whom we receive in the armes of gratitude,
Duty to him, and nuptiall love to her.

Prince. 'Tis well they brought me, trust me my deare Lord,
I should have scarce had face to have come my selfe;
But yet their boldnesse mixt with mine together,
Makes me to venter I yet scarce know whither.

Mar. 'Tis to our Nuptiall bed.

Princeesse. Ey so they say,
But unto me it is a path unknowne;
Yet that which cheeres me, I shall doe no more
Than those, and such as I, have done before.
Sure 'tis a thing that must, though without skill,
Even when you please, I am ready for your will.

Cap. With her the King hath sent this princely dower,
In which his love and bounty hee commends.

Mar. You are noble Sir, and honour waites on you
To crowne your future fortunes: for that Casket,
Her beauty and her birth are dower sufficient
For me a subject.

I cannot thinke so much good to my King
As I am owing for her single selfe:
Then with all duty pray returne that summe.
Her dower is in her selfe, and that I'll keepe
Which in these loyall armes this night shall sleepe:
That is the Kings, with that this jewell too,

I thinke

the Loyall Subject.

I thinke her cheape bought at that easie rate;
My second duty in that gift commend,
Were I worth more, more I have will to send.

Cap. An Emperor cannot shew more Royalty
Than this brave Peere, hee's all magnificent:
I shall with the best eloquence I have,
Make knowne your thoughts.

Mar. To all at once good night:
Save this my beauteous Bride, no wealth I prize,
That hath my heart tooke captive in her eyes.
Lights for the Queene and Ladies, night growes old,
I count my Vertue treasure, not my Gold.

Exeunt divers wayes.

Enter Clinton to the Earle Chester in his study.

Clin. What not at rest my Lord?

Chest. Why who can sleepe
That hath a labouring braine, and sees from farre
So many stormes and tempests threaten him?
It is not in my element to doo't.

Clin. Finde you no project yet how to remove him?

Chest. None, none, and therefore can I finde no rest.

Clin. It growes towards day.

Chest. That day is night to me,
Whil't yon Sunne shines; I had this even some conference
In private with the King, in which I urg'd
The Martials discontent, withall infer'd,
That by his looke the Princesse he despis'd:
The King chang'd face: and could we second this
By any new conjecture, there were hope
To draw him in displeasure.

Clin. Watch advantage,
And as you finde the humour of the King,
Worke it unto the Martials deepe disgrace:
But soft the Prince. *Enter the Prince and Katherine.*

Kath. So early up, how did you like your rest?

Prince. I found my most rest in my most unrest;
A little sleepe serves a new married man:

The Royall King, and

The first night of his brydalls I have made you
A Woman of a Maide.

Kath. You were up
Both late and early.

Prince. Why you were abroad
Before the Sunne was up, and the most wise
Does say 'tis healthfull still betimes to rise,
Good day.

Chest. In one, ten thousand.

Prince. Lords, you have not seene
The King to day? it was his custome ever
Still to be stirring early with the Sunne;
But here's his Majesty.

Enter Captaine and the King, Audley, and Bonvile.

King. Not all your smooth and cunning Oratory
Can colour so his pride, but we esteeme him
A flattering Traytor, one that scornes our love,
And in disdain sent backe our Daughters Dower;
Your iudgement Lords?

Chest. Hath he refus'd the Princeesse?

King. No; but her Dower sent back, and insolently;
Her whom we gave, he with a gift would buy,
A jewell; shall we merchandize our Daughter,
As one not able to bestow her nobly,
But that our poverty must force us sell her?

Cap. Your Highnesse much mispriset his intent,
For he had no such thought.

King. We know his pride,
Which his ambition can no longer shadow.

Chest. Your Highnesse might doe well to call in question
His insolence, and to arraigne him for't.

King. Be you his Iudges *Bonvile, Audley*, you;
Command him straight on his Allegiance,
To make appearance, and to answer us
Before our Lords of his contempt and scorne.

Bonv. Shall we command him hither?

King.

the Loyall Subiect.

King. From his bed,
And if convicted, he shall surely pay for't.

And. We shall my Lord.

Chest. Arraigne him on the suddaine, e're it provied;
Le him not dreame upon evasive shifts,
But take him unprepared.

Clin. Shall we command
A Barre, and call a Iury of his Peeres,
Whil't *Chester*, that enjoyes the place of Martiall,
Objects such Allegations 'gainst his life,
As he hath drawne out of his rude demeanor?

King. It shall be so; a Barre, and instantly
We will our selfe in person heare him speake,
And see what iust excuse he can produce
For his contempt.

Prince. My gracious Lord and Father,
What he hath done to you, proceeds of honour,
Not of disdaine, or scorne; hee's truely noble:
And if a Regall bounty be a sinne
In any subject, hee's onely guilty
Of that true vertue.

Cap. Saw your Majesty
With what an humble zeale, and prostrate love
He did retender your faire Daughters Dower,
You would not his intent thus misreceive.

Chest. 'Tis humble pride, and meere hypocrisie
To blinde the King, 'tis but ambitious zeale,
And a dissembling cunning to aspire.

Kath. My Father call'd in question for his life?
Oh let not me a sad spectator be
Of such a dismall object.

Prince. Nor will I,
But leave them to their hated cruelty.

King. This is no place for Ladies, we allow
Her absence; of the rest let none depart,
Till we have search't the cunning of his heart.

The Royall King, and

A Barre set out, the King and Chester, with Clinton, and the Prince, and Captaine take their seates, Audley and Bonvile bring him to the Barre as out of his bed, then take their seates.

Mar. A Barre, a Iudgement seate, and Iury set?
Yet cannot all this daunt our innocence.

Chest. You have disloyally sought to exceed
The King your Sovereigne, and his royall deeds
To blemish, which your fellow Peeres thus conster,
That strengthen'd by th'alliance of the King,
And better armed by the peoples love,
You may prove dangerous.
In policy of state to quench the sparkes
Before they grow to flame, and top your height,
Before your spacious branches spread too farre,
What to this generall motion can you say,
Before we taxe you with particulars?

Mar. With reverence to the State fore which I stand,
That you my Lord of Chester appeare shallow,
To thinke my actions can disgrace the Kings,
As if the luster of a petty Starre
Should with the Moone compare: Alas, my deeds
Conferr'd with his, are like a Candles light
To out-shine the mid-dayes glory. Can the King
The glorious mirror of all gratitude,
Condemne that vertue in anothers bosome,
Which in his owne shines so transparently?
Oh pardon me, meere vertue is my end,
Whose pitch the King doth many times transcend.

Clin. To taxe you more succinctly, you have first
Abus'd the King in sending to the Court
Your daughter lesse faire, and the least belov'd.

And. And that includes contempt most barbarous,
Which you in that unsubject-like exprest:
Your former emulations we omit,
As things that may finde tolerable excuse,
And are indeed not matters capitall:

But

the Loyall Subiect.

But to the best and greatest, when the King,
Out of his bounty and magnificence
Vouchsafed to stile thee with the name of sonne,
Being but a subject, with contorted browes
And lookes of scorne you tooke his courtesie,
And in contempt sent backe the Princeesse dower.

Chest. Most true; a grounded proposition
To question you of life.

Mar. My life my lords?
It pleases me, that the King in person daines
To grace my cause with his Majesticke care:
You plead for me in this, and speake my excuse.
I have but two in all,

He sent for one, and he receiv'd them both,
With them a sweete and lovely Prince to boote;
Who ever lost, I am sure the King hath wonne
At once, a wife, a daughter, and a sonne.

Bonv. 'Tis true my Lord, we all can witnesse it.

Mar. He that my discontent objects to me,
With the faire Princeesse, speakes uncertainly.
The more judicious such for fooles allowes,
As have their inward hearts drawne in their browes:
Is there in all that bench a man so honest
That can in this be discontent with me?
I charge you all; those favours I receive
From his high Majesty, I swallow not
With greedy appetite, perhaps like you:
When I am grac'd, it comes with awe and feare,
Lest I offend that Prince that holds me deare,
That for my brow,

Chest. But for your scornfull sending
Of the faire Princeesse dower backe to th' King,
How can you answer that?

Mar. Why *Chester* thus:
I am a man, though subject; if the meanest
Lord or'e his wife; why should that priviledge
Be onely bard me? should I wive an Empreffe,

K

And

The Royall King, and

And take her dowerlesse, should we love, or hate,
In that my bountie equals her estate.

Witnesse that Iudge above you, I esteeme
The Princessse dearely, and yet married her
But as my wife, for which I am infinitely
Bound to the King : why should I grow ingag'd
Above my power, since this my Lords you know,
The lesse we runne in debt, the lesse we owe.
Give me my thoughts, and score you on I pray,
I wish no more than I have meanes to pay.

Chest. Shall we my Lord his actions censure freely ?

King. And sentence them.

And. A *Persian* History

I read of late, how the great *Sophy* once
Flying a noble Falcon at the Heme,
In comes by chance an Eagle fonsing by,
Which when the Hawke espyes, leaves her first game,
And boldly ventures on the King of Birds ;
Long tug'd they in the Ayre, till at the length
The Falcon better breath'd, seiz'd on the Eagle,
And struck it dead : The Barons prais'd the Bird,
And for her courage she was peerelesse held.
The Emperour, after some deliberate thoughts,
Made him no lesse : he caus'd a Crowne of gold
To be new fram'd, and fitted to her head
In honour of her courage : Then the Bird
With great applause was to the market-place
In triumph borne, where, wh n her utmost worth
Had beene proclaim'd, the common Executioner
First by the Kings command tooke off her Crowne,
And after with a sword strooke off her head,
As one no better than a noble Fraytor
Vnto the King of Birds.

Chest. This use we make
From this your ancient *Persian* History,
That you a noble and a courteous Peere,
Prais'd for your hospitall vertues and high bounty,

Shall

the Loyall Subiect.

Shall be first crown'd with Lawrell to your worth :
But since you durst against your Sovereigne
Oppose your selfe, you by your pride milled,
Shall as a noble Traytor loose your head.

King. That Sentence we confirme, and it shall stand
Irrevocable by our streight command.

Mar. I am glad my Liege I have a life yet left,
In which to shew my bounty, even in that
I will be liberall, and spend it for you ;
Take it, 'tis the last jewell that I have,
In lieu of which oh grant me but a grave.

King. A Laurell wreath, a scaffold, and a blocke,
Our selfe will see the Execution done :
Onely thy life is ours, thy goods are free.

Mar. My Lord, you are the life of courtesie,
And you are kinde unto me above measure,
To give away what might enrich your selfe.
Since they are mine, I will bestow them thus :
The best of those that were so late but yours,
My jewells, I, by will, restore you backe,
You shall receive them separate from the rest :
To you the Kings sonne, and by marriage mine,
On you I will bestow my Armory,
Stables of Horse, and weapons for the warres,
I know you love a Souldier : to the Princeesse,
And my two Daughters I give equall portions
From my revenue ; but if my faire wife
Proove, and produce a Male-child, him I make
My universall Heire, but if a Female,
Her Dower is with the rest proportionable,
The next I give, it is my Soule to Heaven,
Where my Creator reignes : my words thus end,
Body to Earth, my Soule to Heaven ascend.

*Enter the Queene, Katherine, the Princeesse, and
the other Lady.*

Princeesse. Stay.

Queene. Hold.

Kath. Executioner forbear.

K 3

Queene.

The Royall King, and

Queen. Heare me a Daughter for a Father plead.

Princesse. Oh Father, heare me for my Husbands life,
Doubly ally'd, I am his Neece and Wife.

Kath. Oh Father heare me, for a Father craye.

Queene. Than sentence him oh let me perishe rather;
I pleade for him that's both my sonne and Father.

Kath. Oh make your mercy to this prisoner free.

Queene. Father to us.

Princesse. And Husband unto me.

King. Hence with these womanish clamours,

Prince. Vnto these

Let me my Liege presume to adde another,

Behold him kneele that is your sonne and brother.

Kath. Your Sister and your Daughter great King heare.

Princesse. Your Mother and your Daughter.

Queene. Or like deare,
Your Queene and Sister.

Princesse. Speake, what hath he done?

Prince. Who ever saw a father on a sonne
Give sentence? or my Royall Lord, which rather
Addes to your guilt, a sonne condemne the father?

Chest. My Liege, command them hence, they but disturbe
The Traytor in his death.

King. A Traytor's he
That dares so tearme him, *Chester*; we meane thee:
Our best of subjects, with our height of grace
We wedde thee to us, in this strict imbrace
Thy vertues, bounties, envy'd courtesies;
Thy courage, and thy constancy in death,
Thy love and Loyalty to the end continued,
More than their clamorous importunities
Prevaile with us: then as our best and greatest,
Not to exceed, but equall thee in love,
To end betweene us this Heroick strife,
Accept what we most precious hold, thy Life.

Mar. Which as your gift 'le keepe, till Heaven & Nature
Confine it hence, and alwayes it expose

Vnto

the Loyall Subiect.

Vnto your love and service; I never lov'd it,
But since 'twas yours, and by your gift now mine.

King. I observe in thee
The substance of all perfect Loyalty;
In you save flattery, envy, hate, and pride:
Nothing, or ought to goodnesse that's ally'd;
Resigne those places that belong to him,
Better than so borne noble, be unborne.
Till you your hearts can fashion to your faces,
We here suspend you from your stiles and places.

Prince. A royall doome.

King. Once more from us receive
Thy beauteous Bride, as we will hand our *Queene*:
The Prince already is possesse of his.
Nay *Barvile*, as your Bridals were together,
So follow in your ranke, and by the stile
Of a Lord Baron, you are now no lesse
If you dare take our word: Our Funerals thus
Wee'le turne to feasting, and our blood to wines
Of most choice talte, prest from the purest Grape.
Our noble Martiall, kinsman, and our friend,
In our two vertues after times shall sing,
A Loyall Subject, and a Royall King.

FINIS

The



The Epilogue to the Reader.

That this Play's old, 'tis true, but now if any
Should for that cause despise it, we have many
Reasons, both just and pregnant, to maintaine
Antiquity, and those too, not at vaine.
We know, and not long since, there was a time,
Strong lines were not lookt after, but if rime,
O then 'twas excellent; who but beleeves,
But Doublets with stuf bellies and bigge sleeves,
And those Trunke-hose, which now the age doth scorn,
Were all in fashion, and with frequency worne;
And what's now out of date, who is't can tell,
But it may come in fashion, and sute well?
With rigour therefore judge not, but with reason,
Since what you read was fitted to that season.

FINIS.

The

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